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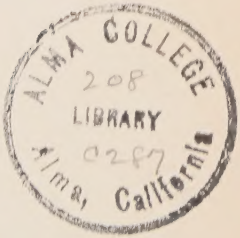

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MIRACLE.

BY C. KEGAN PAUL.

It is needful that a layman who enters on a subject which might well demand the pen of a professed theologian, should give his reasons for the following pages.

Shortly after I joined the Catholic Church, it so chanced that an essay written by me when I was only feeling my way towards the light, fell into the hands of one, who, still a sceptic, was longing to believe. He sent a message to the following effect: "Tell him that if there be a revelation of the Truth at all, I am convinced that it is to be found in the Catholic Church; I shall read with interest whatever more he may write on the subject, but I trust he will never attempt to minimise the miraculous."

To do this was indeed the last thing that would occur to me; the evidence for recent miracles was among the causes which had brought me into the Church, and the existing supernatural order had helped me not a little to accept the record of it through history and as revealed in the Canon of Holy Scripture. Scarce any sentence in Cardinal Newman's writings had ever struck me more than this: "The Catholic Church is hung with miracles," and it had enabled me to grasp the truth that exceptions to what we call law are potentially present in all law, that miracle is among the evidences that we are not guided and governed by a system of levers, screws and wheels linked together by an iron and unchanging necessity, but by the hand of a Father; a hand, firm yet pliant, strong yet elastic, behind which is will, swaying circumstances, yet allowing itself to move at times in accordance with them; no mere force set in motion once for all, careless of what may stand in the way.

But though there was no temptation to deny miracle, the message seemed to call for a statement of its claims. There was in the mind of the speaker a feeling, whether or not founded in fact, that miracle is ignored, slurred over, and kept in the back-ground; that its existence is to be apologized for, rather than paraded; is a difficulty in the way of, not a testimony to, the Christian faith. The kind of argument which I might endeavour to place before my kindly adviser, should the occasion offer, gradually took shape, and while I may not doubt that my matter must be a mere commonplace to the clergy, that which has occurred to one lay mind may help other such under like circumstances. It may enable them to see that the Catholic Church, mirror on earth of God's external government, is indeed a realm of order and law, but manifesting constantly the presence of a living Ruler, guiding it through the ages; no mere jostle of atoms which, that they may move at all, have gradually, accommodated themselves to one fixed, unalterable course.

Before entering on the subject it is necessary to define our terms. It is undoubtedly true that the Latin word *miraculum* does not necessarily imply supernatural agency, but our whole argument is based on the existence of that agency. It is enough for us that *miraculum* may imply the supernatural, and we use the word only in that sense. So far as we can approach a definition by the use of synonymous terms, we seek information from Holy Scripture, and find that the events, which in common speech are called miracles, are therein named wonders or prodigies, signs, powers, and works.

Catholic writers, as well as the late Dr. Trench, whose work on our Lord's miracles is worthy of attention and respect, though it is occasionally disfigured by Protestant prejudice and not always theologically accurate, are careful to note, following Origen, that the word wonders is never applied to them but in conjunc-

tion with some other name, as though to show us that the mere wonder is not the chief feature in a miracle.

> Not that the miracle, considered simply as a wonder, as an astonishing event which the beholders can reduce to no law with which they are acquainted, is even as such without its meaning and its purpose; that purpose being forcibly to startle men from the dull dream of a sense-bound existence, and however it may not be in itself an appeal to the spiritual in man, yet to act as a summons to him that he now open his eyes to the spiritual appeal which is about to be addressed to him.*

Not all signs are miracles, but all miracles are signs, some to confirm those who deliver a message in God's name, some to reveal the more immediate presence or power of God, some to strengthen or reward individual faith or piety.

They are described also as powers; that is, powers of God, evidences, according to Catholic theologians, that new powers have entered into our world, and are working thus for the good of mankind; and the word "works" is used, "as though the wonderful were only the natural form of working for Him who is dwelt in by all the fulness of God."

Trench's description of a miracle is interesting: "An astonishing event which beholders can reduce to no law with which they are acquainted;" but it is inadequate, since his description would let in the wonders of hypnotism, clairvoyance, palmistry, &c.; some of them referable to law partially understood, some apparently diabolic miracles, of which Trench is of course not speaking. The words, however, do not in any case form a definition, nor can we call such any of the modes in which they are spoken of in Holy Scripture. Just as creeds were only needed as doubts grew, and would have been superfluous when all men believed; so before men had grasped the idea of the general uniformity of nature, before they spoke of laws of nature, by which they do not mean law at all, but only ascertained order, there could be no definition of what is beyond

* Trench, *On the Miracles*, popular edit., p. 3.

If now we attempt to classify miracles, we may discover that in these also God acts by rule, and in a manner antecedently probable; that we shall not find any such acts as are ascribed to their gods by men who do not understand who and what God is, that is to say, acts that are puerile, exaggerated, and monstrous. We shall find no stories

"Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine,"

nor such as those of the Infancy of Jesus in the spurious Gospels, at once trivial and malignant.

But before we affront the question of concrete miracles, there is a region of wonder to be examined, of enormous importance, if less capable of classification.

In the ecclesiastical order there are not only sacraments, capable of strict definition, but also what are called sacramentals, whose nature can less be reduced to rule and classification, as prayer and alms, the confession at Mass and in the Office, the blessing by bishops and abbots, holy water, blessed ashes, palms, candles, and the like.

So there exists, apart from concrete miracles, the miraculous, by which term may be designated such a state of things as we find in the book of Genesis and other portions of the Sacred Narrative, when God and His angels converse familiarly with man; or such occurrences as those in the giving of the Law to Moses, who with the elders of Israel went up into the Mount: "And they saw the God of Israel." Again, at the Birth and Death of Jesus the invisible world became visible, and in closer contact with every-day life. Angels thronged round His cradle and His grave, and the heart of the distant East was moved at the flashing of a new star. Just in the same way, in the later history of the Christian Church there have been periods specially marked by the wondrous; by visions and dreams as distinguished from concrete miracles, though these were not wanting at such crises. At the time that the great monastic orders were founded; in the

lives of certain saints, notably St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Teresa; in some places, as Florence in the thirteenth century, visions of Christ, our Lady and the angels have revealed the nearness of the spiritual world. In these later days, again, the apparitions at Paray-le-Monial and at Lourdes, apart from the special miracles there vouchsafed, bring the same truth before the mind, in an age which seemed in danger of forgetting the very existence of the supernatural.

But when closely considered, the supernatural would seem to underlie and pervade the natural world in some such manner as the nervous system underlies our natural bodies, and can be manifested to and recognized by those who seek it with intelligence at any time and in any place; but it is especially gathered up and knotted together in ganglia, so that in such bundles of nerves it becomes almost impossible not to perceive it. The ganglia of the supernatural, so to speak, are found at certain points of the world's history, and we can understand the reason for some of them, as at the call of Abraham, the Birth of our Lord, the perfecting the organization of the Church, the development of the regular orders. Perhaps only when time is swallowed up of eternity shall we be able to see the whole anatomy, as it were, of the Church, and to understand the place of all the main centres of the supernatural, why and where they came into prominence and vision.

Now the record of these wondrous occurrences is imperfect; we are told that God spoke with Adam, with Noah, with Abraham, but not the manner of the interview; we know not whether He manifested Himself in some visible form or infused into heart and conscience the knowledge of His will. We hear of angels, but the descriptions seem to imply now man, now God Himself, now, and this especially in the New Testament, bright beings, neither God nor man, "with the power of a Divine nature, and the compassionate tenderness of a kindly human heart;" we know not whether our Lady's delivery of the rosary to St. Dominic, of the scapular to St. Simon Stock, of the habit to

the Servite Fathers, were what we call, in modern philosophic language, objective or subjective, or whether it were on the confines of both, the vision being subjective, but tangible objects remaining in the hands of the recipients. We know not, and perhaps we shall never know; yet a few words may be permitted on the subject, which may aid in clearing the difficulty.

We may be content to leave the question of objectiveness and subjectiveness on one side, when the Saint who has given us the most remarkable, if short, detail of his own experiences was unable to resolve the problem. St. Paul tells us that he—for no one has ever doubted that he spoke of himself—was caught up into the third heaven, and heard words which it was not allowed him to utter, also that he had visions and revelations more than others; but he goes on to say that he knows not whether he was then in the body or out of the body, whether the visions and his transportation to heaven were or were not objective. But that which was objective remained: the thorn in the flesh, however the words be interpreted, some sharp bodily ailment, visible, tangible to himself, and probably also to others. So St. Francis and other saints who have been marked with the stigmata, down to this century, in which Maria Mörl, the ecstatica of the Tirol, bore the same signs of her suffering God, would all have been content to leave unanswered the question whether their visions were of the bodily or mental eye, but there was no doubt at all that the wounds were outward facts, wherewith they were marked as sharers in the Passion of Jesus.

Indeed we may go further and say that tangibility and visibility, according to the senses, have nothing to do with reality. Our Lord's wounds were as real on His risen Body when Thomas did not see them, as when he was graciously permitted to behold and touch; He was as truly the Christ, when He walked with the disciples to Emmaus, and their eyes were holden that they knew Him not, as afterwards when He made Himself known to them in the breaking of bread; He was as truly existent when invisibly, intangibly, He passed the sealed

stone and closed doors, as when, in the sight of crowds, He hung upon the Cross.

It will probably have struck all thoughtful persons that the conception of angels as represented in art was of slow growth and late development. But if in our day, God were pleased to allow us, as He has from time to time allowed certain of the saints, for instance, St. Philip Neri and St. Frances of Rome, to see our Guardian Angel, it would be almost as great an astonishment as to see him at all, were we not to see him like the angel of some well-known picture, or at least like some abstraction and combination of many. And this, although we know and believe the Church's doctrine that an angel is pure spirit, bodiless, impalpable, therefore only seeming to be in human form, with those added qualities which denote swiftness and strength and unceasing watchfulness. It stands to reason that if a being always waiting in God's presence to do His will, "glorious, benignant, beautiful," manifest himself to man, it must be under a form in which man has already conceived of him, else he will rather terrify, or make no impression at all. Hence when converse with angels was frequent, and no ideal portraits had been made of those bright spirits, Abraham and the other Patriarchs, Manoah and young Tobias, saw them in the forms of men; and only by after events, or upon some wondrous act of the Angel, did the recipient of these gracious visits recognize what they were.

So with apparitions of Christ and our Lady. It is most natural that Christ should appear either as the Babe of Bethlehem, or as He who treads the wine-press of the Cross; as the thorn-crowned Martyr, or the King of Glory, appearing, according as the needs of those to whom He comes require that He should be seen. Our Lady comes as the Virgin of the Annunciation, the *Mater Dolorosa*, and *Maria Assumpta;* the elderly woman bowed with sorrow, who bends over her Son in Francia's *Pietà,* or the Virgin ever fair and young as Murillo imagined her, with the crescent moon beneath her feet; or again, as she showed herself to Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes.

*

Much more is all this true of God Himself; that Being without body, parts, or passions, if He talk or live familiarly with man. If on Him be laid no inherent necessity in regard to Himself, there is an inherent necessity in regard to us. We know ourselves as the crown of His creation, hence we can only think of God as of one whom our souls are like, but greater, wiser, nobler than we, and if He talk with man it must be as a man talketh with his friend.

So much it was well to say about the borderland of wonders which are yet not concrete miracles, but it is enough to indicate the explanation which would be given, where any is possible or desirable. The borderland of wonder, though only revealed through chinks, is yet sufficiently disclosed to show how near are the worlds of sight and faith, how interchangeable is one with the other, so that even in this life the mists which hide the supernatural may and do clear away. We cannot always perceive the gulf which exists between the objective and the subjective, between body and spirit, and when we do see it, may understand that only to us is that gulf impassable. Past, present, and future, are one and the same to God, the unchangeable everlasting Now.

Concrete and definite miracles arrange themselves, for the most part, in special groups, as may be easily seen by any one who will take the trouble to make lists of those occurring in the Bible, in ecclesiastical history, or in any collection of the Lives of the Saints. We may take, as typical of such groups, unexpected births; healing from sickness, with or without the use of natural means; raising from the dead; the change of substance, as of water into wine; or of property, as when the axe-head rose to the surface of the pool. There are again others which seem to stand alone, only because we are unaware of instances of the same kind, for it cannot be supposed that all miracles have been recorded, as when the walls of Jericho fell at the blowing of the trumpets; there are others wherein a wondrous gift abides in the matter of the miracle, which is

continuous, and not confined to a single manifestation. Such are those wherein Elias and Eliseus caused meal and bread and oil to multiply as long as need required, or that in which the blood of St. Januarius continues to liquefy, so often as the conditions of its first liquefaction are repeated; or that of the oil which still continues to flow from the bones of St. Walburga, who died in the eighth century, and from those of St. Nicholas of Bari, in the fourth. If we classify the instances of miracle in several groups, their repetitions under like circumstances at various periods in the world's history may help us in a degree to understand both the ordinary rule of God, and the rule, so to speak, of the exception; remembering that the ultimate rule of God is always and only His good pleasure, and His sovereign will.

But there is one miracle which cannot be classified, and falls into no group: alone in the world's history, it is like the sun which God has set in the firmament for the light of our system. This is, of course, the miracle of the Incarnation, when, by the glad cooperation of Mary, she, the one sinless and stainless creature, became the Mother of her God—she,

> "Pattern of seraphs, only worthy ark
> To bear her God athwart the floods of time."

In speaking of other wonders, whereat men stumble, Cardinal Newman has well said that all is as nothing in comparison with this; "no miracle can be so great as that which took place in the holy house at Nazareth." And with the same thought Dr. Trench says, "The great miracle is the Incarnation, all else, so to speak, follows naturally and of course."

But though this be so, there are still certain events recorded in Holy Scripture which have been called "preludings of the Incarnation," some of which, foretold by the Prophets, and having in their days found a first accomplishment, were afterwards regarded as having their complete fulfilment only in the Birth of Christ. In these events God would seem to show His abiding

sway over the life, and reproduction, and births of men. It is of Him that one marriage is fruitful, and another is not: "Children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord." And this fact, which we are apt to forget, He from time to time accentuates, as it were, by the births of children when such seem unlikely or impossible. Isaac, for instance, was born when it appeared almost against the course of nature that he should be, and the birth was heralded by the message of an angel; Samson, not, so far as we hear under the same circumstances of extreme unlikelihood, but still against hope, after a similar angelic word. The High Priest, Heli, foretold the birth of Samuel, Eliseus that of the son of the woman of Sunam. An Angel, again, declared that St. John Baptist should be born when Zachary and Elizabeth were well stricken in years, and that event immediately heralded the Nativity which, as has been said, stands alone.

Closely connected with this is that class of miracles which is concerned with restoration to life at the Divine word, whether spoken by the Lord Himself, by His Prophets, or His Saints. Elias restored the widow's son, Eliseus the boy given so strangely to the Sunamite woman. In these there was, as it were, a struggle between death and life, death retreated unwillingly. Not till the Lord of life came could any speak absolutely, so that the power might work without hindrance. Jesus alone could say, "Damsel, arise," or "Lazarus, come forth," with the same calmness with which He said all else that passed His gracious lips; Him alone can we address:

> "Thou madest Life in man and brute;
> Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
> Is on the skull which Thou hast made."

But the gift was afterwards bestowed upon the Saints in much the same manner as it had been on the Prophets. St. Benedict in the sixth century, did not say to the peasant who implored him to give him again his dead son: "Go thy way, thy son liveth," like his Master, but

he prostrated himself on the body of the child in prayer, and the child's soul came back again. And in the fifteenth century, St. Casimir the King raised a girl to life by the touch of his body, and a boy carried to the tomb of St. Peter of Luxembourg was restored, though in his case the skull had been fractured and the brain in part dashed out.

This brings us to those miracles which cause so great perplexity in these later days, those which are wrought by relics, that is, to put it plainly, by the material contact of the body of a dead Saint, or a portion of it, or the touch of some garment from the sacred body. The sanctity of relics is brought out but little in the Old Testament, but coming into strong prominence in the New, it has remained with the Church to this day, and relics are one of the two main channels in which God's power is manifested to man. The instance in the Old Testament is so typical that it may well be quoted at length, especially as it is one of the most wonderful works wrought by relics: "And Eliseus died and they buried him. And the rovers from Moab came into the land the same year. And some that were burying a man saw the rovers, and cast the body into the sepulchre of Eliseus. And when it had touched the bones of Eliseus, the man came to life, and stood upon his feet."

Of course the central point of all such wonders is the healing touch of the garments worn by our Blessed Lord, whether those spoken of in the Gospels; or another, if not the same, coat worn by our Lord, and now preserved at Trèves; but closely linked with these are the handkerchiefs which had touched the body of St. Paul, and healed the sick to whom they were applied. It must be remembered that the miracles wrought by such relics, the Holy Coat or a thorn from the Crown worn on the Cross, or a fragment of the Cross itself, or the relics of the Saints are, conversely, testimonies to the authenticity of the relics themselves.

This class of miracles is especially interesting, as it is that to which more than any other the Church has set her seal, not only as happening in times past, but as

existing down to and in our own days. She has made miracles the test, or at least one of the tests of sanctity. Every man or woman admitted into her calendar of Saints must have two proved miracles to his or her account, and these are necessarily for the most part connected with relics.

Another class is associated with objects, not relics, into which, under certain conditions, the gift of healing is infused. For Naaman the Syrian, healing power was infused into the waters of Jordan only, the rivers of Syria being powerless in his case. The Pool of Siloam was troubled each day for the first who stepped into it, and in that case our Lord revealed the power of God that underlay the waters, by healing directly without their aid. The works done at certain fountains are attested by many scientific men, who believe their virtue, in spite of preconceived ideas, whether, as at St. Winifred's Well, the powers of the waters have been known and proved through centuries, or have been manifested but recently as at Lourdes or Oostacker.

Indeed, not to specify every class under which miracles may be grouped, it is not too much to say that there are few such occurrences which have not a prototype in the Old Testament, a fulfilment in the New, a repetition in the Lives of the Saints and the history of the Church; and if in some cases the exact counterpart is not found in later history, it is only because the Lives of the Saints are so crowded with miracle, that it is not always possible, as it is not necessary, to find among so great a treasure the exact detailed equivalent. But the parallels which present themselves without difficulty will show at once what is meant.

The Prophet Habacuc was carried from Judæa to Babylon by the Angel of the Lord, that he might feed Daniel in the den of lions with the pottage which he was bearing to the reapers at home; and in like manner Philip the Deacon was transported from Gaza to Azotus. Elias gained abundance of rain; so did St. Scholastica, the sister of St. Benedict. If Elias and Eliseus multiplied meal and oil, thus anticipating our Lord's mira-

cles of the loaves and fishes; so after Him did St. John Joseph of the Cross multiply food so lately as the early part of the eighteenth century; and St. Agnes of Montepulciano in the thirteenth.

If the Three Holy Children walked unharmed in the midst of the burning fiery furnace; so St. Lucy remained unscathed, though resin and oil were poured on the fire into which she was thrown, and St. Cecilia remained a day and a night in an hot air bath heated seven times beyond its wont; so too St. Peter Gonzalez lay on hot burning coals uninjured, to save the soul of a woman who tempted him to sin.

The face of Moses beamed with rays of light, when he came out from the more immediate presence of God, in prophecy of that Transfiguration of Jesus which the disciples saw upon the mountain; and so the face of St. Francis Caracciolo, in the seventeenth century, emitted brilliant beams of light before the Blessed Sacrament.

Moses struck the rock in the desert, so that there flowed a rill for the refreshing of Israel; and St. Isidore of Madrid in time of drought made the sign of the Cross on dry ground, and pierced the soil with his ox goad, so that thence flowed waters which run even till this day and are endowed with healing virtue.

St. Hyacinth, in the thirteenth century, walked the waters of the Dnieper, as our Lord walked the waves of the Galilæan Lake; but he bare the image of our Lady, and the Sacred Host in his hands, so that He who trod the waves before him, and stretched out his hand to St. Peter as he was sinking, was really the power who held him up.

At the outset of this essay words were cited from Cardinal Newman, as introducing the subject, The whole passage may be quoted as summing up the argument:

> The Catholic Church rom east to west, from north to south is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an

energetic virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the True Cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chain of St. Peter; portion of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a nail of the Cross, and another nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escurial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the cord of Francis, are all the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon, assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's Well is the scene of wonders even in an unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded, sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favours gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvellous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of saints in their lifetime, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axe-man was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens, and St. Frances saw her Guardian Angel.

Cardinal Newman then discusses the reasons for disbelief in miracle since Biblical, or at least since Apostolic days, which we may condense, but using his own words.

Both they [the opponents], start with the miracles of the Apostles; and then their first principle or presumption against our miracles is this, "What God did once, He is *not* likely to do again." They say, it cannot be supposed He will work *many* miracles; we, it cannot be supposed He will work *few*.

Again.

They do not say, "St. Francis, or St. Antony, or St. Philip Neri did no miracles for the evidence for them is worth nothing," or, because what *looked* like a miracle was not a miracle," no, but they say, "It is *impossible* they should have wrought miracles.

Again.

Catholics hold the mystery of the Incarnation, and the Incarnation is the most stupendous event which ever can take place on earth; and after it, and henceforth I do not see how we can scruple at any miracle on the mere ground of its being unlikely to happen. No miracle can be so great as that which took place in the holy house of Nazareth; it is infinitely more difficult to believe than all the miracles of the breviary, of the martyrology, of saints' lives, of legends, of local traditions put together; and there is the grossest inconsistency on the very face of the matter, for any one so to strain out the gnat and swallow the camel as to profess what is inconceivable, yet to protest against what is surely within the limits of intelligible hypothesis. If, through Divine grace we once are able to accept the solemn truth that the Supreme Being was born of a mortal woman, what is there to be imagined which can offend us on the ground of its marvellousness? . . . . When we start with assuming that miracles are not unlikely, we are putting forth a position which lies embedded as it were, and involved in the great revealed fact of the Incarnation.

So much is plain at starting; but more is plain too.

Miracles are not only not unlikely, they are positively likely; and for this simple reason, because, for the most part, when God begins He goes on. We conceive that when He first did a miracle, He began a series; what He commenced, He continued; what has been, will be. Surely this is good and clear reasoning. . . . Our first principles that miracles are not unlikely now is not at all a strange one in the mouths of those who believe that the Supreme Being came miraculously into this world, miraculously united Himself to man's nature, passed a life of miracles, and then gave His Apostles a greater gift of miracles than He exercised Himself. So far on the principle itself; and now, in the next place, see what comes of it.

This comes of it, that there are two systems going on in the world, one of nature, and one above nature; and two histories, one of common events, and one of miracles; and each system and each history has its own order.

And as a conclusion of what he has said we find this clear statement:

For myself, lest I seem in any way to be shrinking from a determinate judgement on the claims of some miracles and relics . . . . and to be hiding particular questions in what is vague and general, I will avow distinctly that, putting out of the question the hypothesis of unknown laws of nature (that is, of the professed miracle being

not miraculous), I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States. I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard crown at Monza, and I do not see why the holy coat at Trèves may not have been what it professes to be. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the crib of Bethlehem is at Rome and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also. I believe that at Rome too lies St. Stephen, that St. Matthew lies at Salerno, and St. Andrew at Amalfi. I firmly believe that the relics of the saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily, and that it needs only for a Catholic to show devotion to any saint in order to receive special benefits from his intercession. I firmly believe that saints in their lifetime have before now raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and superseded the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways.

And here our essay might close, but that we must not press the argument too far, and that we are bound to consider if there be any, and, if any, what difference between ecclesiastical miracles and those recorded in the Scriptures. We answer that there is no difference in principle; it is of faith, that God who worked hitherto in that manner still continues to work. But there is a difference in detail. The Scriptural miracles, one and all, rest on Divine faith, and each must be accepted without doubt. But although miracles out of Scripture become the objects of private faith, no Catholic is bound to believe in any particular miracle of this kind; but he cannot without unsound doctrine deny that miracles have occurred since the Apostolic age. Every Catholic again "owes respect to the judgement of high ecclesiastical authority; but within these limits he is left to the freedom and the responsibilities of private judgement."

Enough, however, has surely been said to show that if we reject not one here or there, on which it may be right that we suspend our judgement, but whole classes of miracles, because of their unlikelihood, we cut the ground from under all others of the same class. And if we rest our belief on evidence, it is impossible to have

more than exists in the case, especially, of modern miracles, which have been examined for processes of canonization or beatification. No legal tribunal sifts facts in a more thorough manner than does the Congregation of Rites.

It is possible to say consistently: There is no such thing as miracle; the universe is a mere mechanism, which came into action none knows how, but at any rate acts by changeless law; it is not possible to say that it once existed, but ceased at this or that precise period, and the reign of changeless law now obtains. What is this but to take the finger and guidance of God away from His creation, and to say that the heart of the universe has ceased to beat.

If it be true that "every fatherhood is of God," and that all rule, authority, and power are signs of Him; so, conversely, must it be true that all that we call good government, order, and rule in a family or a state shows forth the mode in which He directs His creation. And that is the best government in which the ordinary operations of life go on unmarked and evenly, but in which the master or ruler manifests his authority from time to time, whether in the way of change, or evidence of direct governance. That rule is not best which is merely mechanical, but that which shows itself as order tempered by love, regularity varied by change.

We cannot expect that all can actually witness the evidence of God's interference in His world, any more than all the many millions of an earthly sovereign can see his progress and his state. But they know that his pageants and processions take place from time to time, he flashes a message of condolence in calamities, he exercises now and then his prerogative of mercy, he dispenses honours and rewards; many are gratified by the favours given to one.

And so with God's governance. We believe that our King rules; and does honour to His saints, and to the crowd here and there because of His saints. Round such and such a holy well or image His powers cluster and throng; here and there, now and then, bright angels

who always "stand in order serviceable" flash into sight, or show without vision that they are present. It is a part of His order now and then to break His order, to prove that it rests upon His will. We know Him in the constant succession of light and dark, in the steady sequence of cause and effect, in all the order which He called good; and we know Him also in miracle and wonder, underlying His law from the beginning; the visible evidence of eternal power, infinite wisdom, everlasting love.

The Immuring of Nuns.

BY THE REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

> And now the blind old Abbot rose
> To speak the Chapter's doom
> On those the wall was to enclose
> Alive within the tomb.
>
> (Scott, *Marmion*, canto ii. 25.)

AMONG the treasured convictions which have sunk deep down into the heart of the ordinary English Protestant, there is none more firmly rooted than the belief that all monasteries, but more especially the houses of religious women, are essentially prisons. In a moment of weakness, despondency, or highly wrought enthusiasm (disappointed love seems to be held responsible by the class of persons to whom we refer for about 90 per cent. of vocations to the cloister), the poor deluded victim takes the fatal step and gives in her name to a religious order. From that hour she is bound by adamantine chains. In a more primitive state of society, we are told, the natural result of this system was to lead to grave moral disorders, to convert tender women into cruel fanatics, or at least to destroy in them all independent judgment even of right and wrong. But in some cases the prisoner driven to desperation will break out into open revolt. When this took place, the well-instructed Protestant knows exactly what followed. A solemn conclave was held, the nun who had transgressed her vows was compelled to undergo some terrible imprisonment or torture, and in extreme cases amid a mockery of religious ceremonial she was built up alive into a niche in the wall to perish slowly by hunger and suffocation.

No one can suspect a man like Sir Walter Scott of

dignities and honours," but inasmuch as he was penitent, "absolved him from the censures thus pronounced and ordered that he should receive absolution at once, under condition of returning to the Church and doing penance, the form of which penance is described in every particular, including the *abitello*, or penitential habit with a cross." Dr. Rule then continues: "This, it might have been thought, would have been accounted sufficient for a forgiven penitent, but after it comes the following dreadful sentence, necessary to satisfy the anger of the Church:

"'And because it is not convenient and just to be zealous only in taking vengeance for offences committed against princes of the world, and yet not to be concerned for offences committed against the Divine Majesty, and also that crimes may not remain unpunished with bad example to our neighbour, it is our pleasure that you be walled up in a place surrounded with four walls—*che tu sij murato in un loco circondato da quattro mura*—which place we will cause to be assigned to you; where with anguish of heart and abundance of tears, you shall bewail your sins and offences committed against the majesty of God, the holy mother Church, and the religion of the Father St. Francis, in which you have made profession.'"

And here we may pause for a moment before we allow Dr. Rule to express the emotions with which these horrors have filled him. It should, we might think, have occurred to him that he had possibly misconceived the meaning of the original text. The word *murato*, as any fairly good dictionary will show, does not necessarily mean *walled up* in Italian, any more than the word "immured" necessarily means *walled up* in English.[1] The sentence enjoins that the friar is to be "confined within four walls," until he has had time to think over his conduct and give reasonable assurance of future good behaviour. This is the natural meaning of the words; the more so as the substantive *murus* in mediæval Latin and all the derivative tongues was very commonly used in the sense of "prison." Moreover, it is borne out by an appeal to any dictionary of authority, like the great work of Tommaseo, as well as by the fact that the

[1] See, *e.g.*, any recent edition of Baretti, where under the word *murare*, we have "to inclose, shut in."

phrase "within four walls"[1] is more or less idiomatic in every European language. The only thing "dreadful" in this matter is the intensity of the prejudice which, against all antecedent probability, jumps at once at the unfavourable interpretation. But we are interrupting the stream of Dr. Rule's indignant pathos. He thus continues: "So within four walls built up around him, but with sufficient space to kneel down before a crucifix and an image of the Virgin, this poor man was to be confined, and out of that place he was not to stir, but there suffer anguish of heart, and shed many tears. There was no order given for any door, but only four walls were to be built up around him; and from what we know of these structures, we may suppose that a small opening was to be left above, for food to be dropped down to him. It was what would be called in England 'a little-ease,' where the prisoner was to be kept to putrify and expire in his own filth."[2]

The reference at this point to the "little-ease" of dear old England was perhaps slightly infelicitous, and Dr. Rule seems to have had his attention called to the slip. Accordingly in the later edition[3] he is careful to guide the minds of his readers into the proper channel by the addition of the words (little-ease) "in the days of Bonner." It is to be hoped that all right-minded Anglicans perusing this passage will fix their attention carefully in future upon the tyrannies of Bloody Mary, and not allow their thoughts to stray by any chance distraction in the direction of our good Queen Bess. But it is rather unfortunate that while the torture of the "little-ease" meets the student at every turn during the persecutions under Elizabeth, it is hardly known to have been used in the time of her elder sister. Finally, after a reference to some human remains seen by a Mr. Witherell in the walls of the Inquisition at Seville, Dr. Rule concludes in evident bewilderment: "By some

[1] The phrase, *tra quattro mura*, is used of any close confinement without free egress, and Tommaseo with his liberalist prejudices cites the phrase, *chiudere tra quattro mura una fanciulla*, as a popular equivalent of sending a girl into a convent. But even Dr. Rule will hardly suppose that every girl that goes into a convent is *walled-up*. Cf. the French *mettre entre quatre murailles*.

[2] *History of the Inquisition*, First Edit. p. 375.

[3] *Ib.* Second Edit. vol. ii. p. 197.

means or other, Fra Tommaso, the Minorite, escaped from his 'place with four walls.' He might have found a loose stone in the wall and broken through, or some one of the servants may have pitied him, and helped him to get out. Be that as it might, his effigy was burnt, according to a sentence read on the 8th of November, 1565."

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to take Dr. Rule quite seriously in all this, but it may be worth while to call attention to two significant facts which do not certainly make in favour of his view of a Roman "immuring." In the year 1578, that is a little more than twelve years after the events here described, there was printed in Rome an edition of Eymeric's *Directorium Inquisitorum*, with a new commentary by Francis Pegna, a learned canonist who had long been connected with the Holy Office both in that city and in Spain. The book was issued to serve as a *manual of procedure for the Inquisitors themselves*. It was dedicated to Pope Gregory XIII. and appeared with all sorts of official sanctions. In this work Pegna commenting upon the term *immuratio* which occurs in Eymeric's text, declares that "the punishment of immuring is altogether the same as that of perpetual confinement in a public gaol, contrary to what some people suppose who are ignorant of the antiquity of the latter institution."[1] No doubt Dr. Rule would find no difficulty in believing that this statement was sanctioned by the Roman Inquisitors at the very time that a score of prisoners were still pining away in walled-up niches within a dozen yards of them. But those who understand the nature of Pegna's work will not be able to accept this explanation. The second fact lies in a detail of the sentence passed on Fra Tommaso and others similarly condemned to be *murati*. He was to receive the Blessed Eucharist, if his confessor approved, once a week. Was this also "to be dropped down to him from a small opening left above"? Catholics will not readily suppose that St. Charles Borromeo in passing sentence can have contemplated that.

[1] F. Pegna, *Annotationes in Directorium Inquisitorum Eymerici*, p. 184, Romæ, 1578: "Eandem prorsus esse pœnam immurationis et carceris perpetui, contra quam quidam hujus antiquitatis ignari censeant." It would seem from some sentences of the Inquisition, published by Benrath in the *Rivista Cristiana*, that *carcer perpetuus* is to be understood rather of the place than of the punishment.

But let us suppose that Dr. Rule, and the author from whom he borrows, are perfectly correct in their interpretations—what, we may ask, would follow? Let us suppose that Fra Tommaso was really condemned, as they seem to imagine, to stand patiently in an open space while the stone-masons of the Holy Office solemnly erected four walls around him—what is the peculiar horror of this form of imprisonment? After all he was to receive his daily rations, he had room enough to turn round in, with "a crucifix and a statue of the Virgin," and as the event showed, he was not debarred from the hope of escape. This is a totally different thing from the ordinary Protestant conception of nuns built up alive into a niche in the wall to starve or to suffocate in a few hours. Heaven forbid that we should seek to extenuate the horrors of any form of perpetual imprisonment in one spot, but whether the sufferer was shut in by masonry or by a door whose bolts were never to be drawn back, could hardly make so very much difference. Yet at that epoch there was scarcely a castle or civil prison in Europe but had dungeons where victims might be and were immured until death came to deliver them. It is shocking and terrible to look back upon, no doubt, but it is no more reasonable to seek to create a prejudice against Catholics on that score, than it would be to condemn the British nation of immodesty because their ancestors went naked.

Now it is precisely this sort of evidence which is largely appealed to in a vague and ill-defined way to support the calumny of the immuring of nuns. In the conception of Sir Walter Scott, and in the mouths of those who shelter themselves behind his authority, a plain and clear charge is made that nuns who broke their vows were not uncommonly built up into niches in the wall. Mrs. Browning, in her *Lay of the Brown Rosary*, uses language that is equally unmistakable:

> A nun in the east wall was buried alive,
> Who mocked at the priest when he called her to shrive,
> And shrieked such a curse, *as the stone took her breath*,
> The old abbess fell backward and swooned unto death,
> With an *Ave* half-spoken.

Sir Walter is so well acquainted with the whole proceeding that he informs us in a note, which I shall have occasion to quote in full later on, that "the awful words *vade in pace* were the signal for immuring the criminal." Where he obtained his information he does not say; but this much happens to be true, that the phrase *in pace* is used in modern French as a synonym for dungeon or *cachot*,[1] and is applied more or less technically by archæologists to the prison-cells found in some ancient monasteries for the confinement of refractory religious. These cells were in no sense niches in the wall such as Sir Walter Scott has in mind, neither were they walled up, but they were closed with doors like other cells, barred no doubt from the outside by those in charge of the prisoner. That they were often the reverse of luxurious, needs no saying, for they were intended for the punishment of those whose ordinary conditions of life as to food, clothing, and lodging would be regarded with horror by the inmate of a modern convict prison. What the history of the word *in pace* as applied to these structures has been, I have found it impossible to ascertain satisfactorily.[2] The word has been used in French since the sixteenth century or earlier, but in Latin Ducange offers but a single example, and that under the heading *vade in pace*. Strange to say, it is always to this same example that any modern writers who happen to give references lead us back either mediately or immediately, until the doubt arises whether the use of the phrase for a monastic prison-cell was ever anything more than a local designation in mediæval times, arising possibly in the grim humour of one particular monastery. However, this is quite a subsidiary point. The important fact is, that when the phrase *in pace* is used by continental writers, or when an appeal is made to history to illustrate its meaning, we find that the instances given are simply cases of perpetual imprisonment, and in no instance have the slightest reference to walling-up alive

[1] **Il faudrait**
Dit l'infant Ruy, trouver quelque couvent discret
Quelqu' *in pace* bien calme où cet enfant vieillisse.
(Victor Hugo, *Ruy Blas*.)

[2] Little or nothing is to be found on the subject in Littré, Bescherelle, Ducange, Godefroy, or Scheler.

in the sense of Sir Walter Scott. Of course it is impossible to speak quite positively in such a matter. The difficulty of proving a negative is proverbial, and he would be a rash man who would venture to set a limit to the horrors which a mediæval controversialist in a rage was capable of laying to the charge of his adversaries. But this much may be said, that after examining such few references as are quoted by those who declare that the practice of walling-up alive was a fact, I have not yet come across an instance where there was the least reason to suppose that the writer was thinking of the bricking up of a niche in the sense of Scott's *Marmion*. Cases occur undoubtedly of confinement in some cruelly narrow cell. More than once the accusation is made that prisoners were deliberately allowed to starve upon a pittance insufficient to support life. But these instances are all quite different from the "living tomb" of the poet, the idea uppermost in the minds of the lecturers and platform orators who make capital of it to excite the horror of their audience.

For the majority of these gentlemen it is impossible, for reasons already explained, to submit their statements to any investigation; but we may examine, as far as space will permit, the allegations made by some of the more respectable of those who disseminate the tradition. From these we may learn how little to expect of the others.

An American writer, a Mr. H. C. Lea, who enjoys among his own countrymen a considerable reputation for historical research, has published of late years three substantial volumes entitled *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. The author has apparently spent his life[1] in raking together with laborious assiduity every scandal and every gruesome story he could find which reflected unfavourably upon the mediæval Church in any part of the world. "The evil that men do lives after them" we are told on good authority, and the natural result of this accumulation of horrors unrelieved by any attempt to examine the brighter colours of the picture has been to produce in Mr. Lea's mind an extremely strong bias against the Catholic Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At the same time

[1] I refer here particularly to the *History of Celibacy* by the same author.

Mr. Lea is a writer of quite a different stamp from some of the fanatics referred to above. He is an educated man who understands the value of documentary evidence, and who would not, I am fain to believe, be guilty of any intentional falsification of his materials. Naturally Mr. Lea has been led to devote a good deal of attention to the religious punishments of the middle ages, and one turns with considerable interest to his pages, feeling sure that any horror or cruelty in monasteries or out of them, for which evidence can be quoted, will not have escaped his diligence. What adds to the importance of his work is the fact that he has incorporated in it all the researches of M. Molinier of Toulouse, who has devoted many years to investigating the MS. records of the Inquisition in the South of France,[1] a region where the cruelties practised against the Albigensian and Waldensian heretics have long supplied Protestant controversialists with a favourite topic of declamation.

That Mr. Lea has plenty to tell about the various forms of imprisonment enjoined by the Inquisition need hardly be said. The technical name for it, at any rate in the South of France, was *murus*, a fact which may be commended to the consideration of our friend Dr. Rule; it was divided into three kinds, *largus*, *strictus*, and *strictissimus*. In the case of the *murus largus*, the prisoner was allowed to take exercise in the corridors; in the *strictus*, he was not allowed to leave his cell; in the *murus strictissimus*,[2] he was thrust into some dreadful dungeon, chained, it would seem, hand and foot.[3] It does not appear that the regulations were always enforced with equal severity, and M. Molinier gives numerous instances of the prisoners obtaining *licentiam*

[1] Molinier, *L'Inquisition dans le Midi de la France.*

[2] The *murus strictissimus* is mentioned by Mr. Lea. M. Molinier, the more trustworthy investigator, speaks only of *murus largus* and *murus strictus.*

[3] The stench and filth of some of the Elizabethan prisons, of which we have details too horrible to be set down here, exceed anything recorded of the dungeons of the Inquisition. See, *e.g.*, Father Pollen's *Acts of English Martyrs* or Jardine's *Use of Torture*, &c. We may notice also an interesting parallel to the *murus largus* and *strictus* in the "liberty of gaol" and "close prison" of which we have record in the same reign.

exeundi murum—leave to quit the precincts of the gaol, sometimes for six weeks or more together.

It is important to call attention to the meaning here given to *murus*, because the word seems to have led even some Catholic writers into the belief—as I conceive, an erroneous one—that the offenders condemned to perpetual prison had the door of their cells literally *walled up*, though apertures were left both for light and for the introduction of food. Now Eymeric, himself Inquisitor General, the author of the official handbook of inquisitorial procedure, says in this work: "In some towns, as at Toulouse and at Carcassonne, the Inquisitors have in their establishment prisons, which they call *muri*, because these cells are contiguous to the *walls of the town*."[1] If this etymology be correct, it has a curious analogy to that of the *piombi* of Venice—the dungeons underneath *the leads*, in which Silvio Pellico, for instance, was confined. But however the name arose, Messrs. Lea and Molinier would be the first to confess that for Eymeric and for other writers of that epoch no blocking up with masonry was implied by the word *immuratio*. That Pegna, a sort of consultor to the Inquisition, and a man who had every means of knowing the truth, wrote in the same sense in Rome three centuries later, we have already seen.

Of course in many cases there was a severity shown which no one could attempt to excuse, except on the ground that it was absolutely universal at that epoch, and lasted, in our own country for instance, until long after Reformation times. On the sufferings of the victim, as might be expected, Mr. Lea dilates with gusto. But if anybody should search his volumes for confirmation of the legend supported by Sir Walter Scott, he will meet very little to reward his pains.

One instance, however, to which he refers has some bearing upon the matter in question, and may be quoted here. Religious, Mr. Lea tells us, convicted of heresy were not confined in the prisons of the Inquisition but in the cells provided in the different monasteries for the punishment of offenders. "In the case of Jeanne, widow of B. de la Tour, a nun of Lespinasse, in 1246, who had

[1] See *Directorium Inquisitorum*, p. 635.

committed acts of both Catharan and Waldensian heresy, and had prevaricated in her confession, the sentence was confinement in a separate cell in her own convent, where no one was to enter or see her, her food being pushed in through an opening left for the purpose, in fact the living tomb known as the *in pace*."[1]

It need hardly be remarked that this case is very far from bearing out the notion of the *in pace* which is found in Sir Walter Scott. There is not a word about walling up, and it is quite clear that the prisoner was supplied with food. But it is particularly interesting because from the prominence given to it both by Mr. Lea and M. Molinier, it is tolerably clear that they have no instance to adduce of greater severity.

But Mr. Lea adds in a note: "The cruelty of the monastic system of imprisonment known as *in pace*, or *vade in pacem*, was such that those subjected to it speedily died in all the agonies of despair," and then he goes on to cite the appeal of the Archbishop of Toulouse to King John of France to mitigate the severity of this solitary confinement, and the resulting *ordonnance* of the King that the Superior of the convent should twice a month visit and console the prisoner, who moreover should have the right twice a month to ask for the company of one of the monks.[2] Now it is a curious fact that the one passage here referred to is the only justification I have been able to find of the use of the word *in pace* by mediæval writers in the sense of prison. As already mentioned, Ducange gives only this solitary example, and writers after quoting from one another seem always in the end to be traceable to this. It is fortunate however that the letter defines the meaning of the term so

[1] Lea, op. cit. i. p. 487. It may be worth while to remark that as far as I have been able to examine the abundant Inquisition literature published of late years by Douais, Fredericq, Molinier, Clæssens, M dina, Henner, and others, no attempt is now made by serious students to substantiate against the Inquisition the charge of walling up its prisoners alive.

[2] The document is given at length in Baluze's notes to *Capitularia Regum Francorum*, ii. p. 1088. A story sometimes quoted (*e.g.* by Mabillon, *Ouvrages Posthumes* ii. p. 323) from the *Liber Miraculorum* of Peter of Clugny (ii. 9) about a monk who was buried alive in the ground, seems to me to describe only a device adopted to frighten an impenitent offender, not a punishment seriously persisted in.

that we can see how little it accords with the modern conception. This cruel imprisonment which is called by the monks *vade in pace*, is explained by the merciful Archbishop to be perpetual and solitary confinement in a gloomy dungeon upon bread and water, and he asks the Sovereign to insist upon its mitigation, as it is found that many sufferers die under it. Strict orders for its alleviation, as already mentioned, were at once issued by King John, and indeed there may be found in the Canonists reference to more than one ordinance of the Holy See passing restrictions upon the too great severity of the monastic prisons. To enter into these would take us too far from our present purpose, but it may be sufficient to repeat that neither here nor in the revelations of Messrs. Lea and Molinier is there any suggestion to be found of walled-up niches or of the withdrawal of that modicum at least of bread and water, necessary to sustain life.[1] Such regulations as we do find enjoining the occasional companionship of other monks seem on the contrary to point to a cell that could be entered by a door or at least to one that permitted easy communication with the outside world.[2]

Somewhat nearly akin to these punishment cells which the French call *in pace's*, and in the delightfully vague

[1] Compare with this treatment the *peine forte et dure* of English Common Law enacted against the prisoner who stood "mute of malice." He was to be "stretched upon his back and to have iron laid upon him as much as he could bear and more, and so to continue, fed upon bad bread and stagnant water, through alternate days until he pleaded or died." (Stephen, *History of the Criminal Law*, i. p. 297.) It was last inflicted as recently as the year 1726.

[2] One or two other details may be added. Mr. Lea says: "While the penance prescribed was a diet of bread and water, the Inquisition, with unwonted kindness, did not object to its prisoners receiving from their friends contributions of food, wine, money, and garments, and among its documents are such frequent allusions to this that it may be regarded as an established custom." (p. 491.) Again the same writer complains "that *through long years* the miserable inmates endured a living death far worse than the short agony of the stake." We need not stay to inquire whether perpetual imprisonment is worse than death, but it is clear that the prisoners *lived*, which is not the idea of Exeter Hall. Lastly, it is also beyond question, from the evidence both of Molinier and Mr. Lea, that the Holy See from time to time intervened peremptorily on the side of mercy. In 1306, under Clement V., the Inquisitor, a bishop, was deposed.

language of anti-Popery declamation commonly identified with them, is the *oubliette*. Properly speaking the *oubliette* should be regarded as the adjunct of the feudal castle rather than of the mediæval monastery. By archæologists, who are accurate in the use of terms, the word is used to denote a sort of well or secret chamber constructed under the floor of a room, and so arranged that the victim whom it was desired to get rid of could be precipitated into it through a trap-door or other contrivance. There he was killed by the fall or left to starve. Now, as it cannot be too often repeated, this paper by no means undertakes the defence of mediæval punishments, but still it is worth while pointing out how utterly unreliable in their regard is the voice of popular tradition, and I venture to quote on the subject of the *oubliette* a few words from M. Viollet le Duc, an archæologist whose acquaintance with the byways of mediæval architecture is confessedly unrivalled. There is hardly an ancient castle, says this authority[1] whose words I am forced to condense, where the attention of the visitor is not called to the *oubliettes*, but the vast majority of the pits so designated are nothing more nor less than latrines. I have seen, he continues, in plenty of castles, abbeys, and other ancient buildings, dungeons (*des cachots*) and punishment cells (*des vade in pace*), but I know only three *oubliettes* which have any claim to be considered as such.. Of these three the only one as to whose destination he is satisfied is that of the Castle of Pierrefonds. M. Viollet le Duc had himself lowered to the bottom of the shaft, but no trace whatever existed of any human remains, although no visible means of removing them existed if any one had ever been precipitated there. Altogether upon the whole question M. Viollet le Duc finds himself in entire agreement with the hardly less distinguished archæologist, M. Prosper Mérimée, whose words he quotes. "The middle ages are too often painted in extravagant colours, and the imagination accepts much too readily the atrocities which romance writers assign to spots like these. How many wine vaults and wood cellars have been mistaken for frightful dungeons! How many bones thrown away from the kitchen have been

[1] *Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française au Moyen Age*, vol. vi. pp. 452, 453.

regarded as the remains of the victims of feudal tyranny!" He then instances the case of these *oubliettes* and concludes: "Without absolutely denying the existence of such things, they ought nevertheless to be considered as very rare and only to be admitted where there is clear proof of the purpose they were intended to serve."[1] As for the walled-up niche which is in question here, I know only one archæologist of repute[2] who has taken the trouble to investigate the matter seriously. The verdict of this Anglican Archdeacon is that "there never was a time when such things could have been true." For the rest the more respectable writers are content with an appeal to the authority of Sir Walter Scott, or a vague reference to certain "discoveries" which are not found upon examination to rest upon very reliable evidence. I propose to devote the remainder of this paper to the investigation of some of these stories.

When Sir Walter Scott introduced into *Marmion* the episode so often referred to, he added at the same time a note which may as well be given entire: "It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pace*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that in latter times this punishment was often resorted to; but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche and the position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun." (Note 2 M.) To which Lockhart in his edition of the poems adds this valuable comment: "The Edinburgh Reviewer, on stanza xxxii. *post*, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is *vade in pacem*—not *part*

[1] *Instructions du Comité historique des arts et monuments,—Architecture Militaire*, pp. 75—82.

[2] Archdeacon Churton in his paper on *Penitential Cells and Prisons connected with Monastic Houses*, read before the Yorkshire Architectural Society and printed in Associated Architectural Societies' Reports, vol. ii. p. 219. I am indebted to Mr. Peacock's article for the reference.

in peace, but *go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world."

It is a pity that Sir Walter Scott has not made us acquainted with the sources whence he derived this important information. The reference to Coldingham, however, is at least something to go upon, although even that might certainly be more definite. Still Coldingham is not unknown to fame. As early as the beginning of the seventh century, St. Ebba, or Abb, built a nunnery there, which seems to have been of the kind called mixed—*i.e.*, including both monks and nuns under the rule of an Abbess. It was destroyed by the Danes before 880, but in 1098 a priory for monks was founded in the same spot by Edgar, King of Scotland, as an appanage to Durham. In this way Coldingham comes to occupy a very considerable place in Raine's great *History of North Durham*. It receives full attention also in Mackenzie Walcott's *Ancient Church of Scotland*, as well as in Chalmers' *Caledonia*, Ridpath's *Border History*, and many other works, so that it seemed not unreasonable to expect that from one source or another satisfactory details would be forthcoming about Sir Walter Scott's immured nun. To detail the various incidents of the quest undertaken in pursuit of this *ignis fatuus* would be highly uninteresting.[1] In the majority of the authoritative works named, and in a number of others, there is no allusion whatever to the discovery. On the other hand, the compilers of modern guide-books mention the episode to a man, copying each other, but of course without references. It will be sufficient therefore to say that the earliest mention of the story I have been able to find occurs in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland* (1789), in the following words: "Some years ago in taking down a tower at the south-west corner of the building, a skeleton of a woman was found, who from several circumstances appeared to have been immured. She had her shoes on, which were long preserved in the custody of the minister."[2]

[1] It may be worth while to mention that a letter addressed to the minister of Coldingham asking if he could kindly supply any details or any references to a contemporary account of the discovery, has met with no reply.

[2] F. Grose, *Antiquities of Scotland* (1789), p. 95.

It is perhaps not too much to infer from this notice that the discovery must have been made a considerable time before Mr. Grose wrote. The remark that "her shoes were long preserved in the custody of the minister," seems rather to imply that they had then disappeared, and the mention of "a tower in the south-west corner of the building," leaves us to choose between two alternatives, either that the discovery was made in a wing of the priory where it cannot be pretended that nuns ever lived, as the priory was built solely for men, or that the date of the find was so remote that some of St. Ebba's nunnery was still standing. It is probably for this reason that Mr. Grose, a careful antiquary, says nothing about *nuns* or *in pace's*, but speaks only of "a woman who seemed to have been immured." Somewhat fuller details are given by later writers, but for brevity's sake we may content ourselves with the account to be found in Carr's *History of Coldingham*, still the standard work on the locality, composed in 1836 by a resident antiquary who was also a medical man: "On removing a portion of the ruins about fifty years ago, the bones of a female skeleton were discovered enclosed in a niche in one of the walls, which from its position, and the narrowness of the depository, are supposed to have been the remains of an *immured nun*. . . . Two sandals of thin leather, furnished with latchets of silk, were also found lying at the bottom of the recess.[1] Could it be satisfactorily proved that the skeleton was actually that of a nun, all doubt respecting the site of the last of the double monasteries would be dispelled, for as the priory was devoted exclusively to monks, the body must necessarily have been deposited there previous to its erection. In the absence of such evidence, it may be questioned whether it may not have been the remains of a monk who had been buried in an upright posture; there being on record several instances of such a mode of burial practised in the Benedictine monasteries."[2]

Three extremely interesting conclusions may be deduced from the latter portion of this account. In the first place we

[1] "The sandals were long in the possession of the late Mr. Johnston, factor to the estate of Billy." (Note by Dr. Carr.)

[2] A. A. Carr, *History of Coldingham Priory*, p. 316.

learn that the site even of the original nunnery of St. Ebb is a matter of conjecture. Strange to say, the argument is not, as we might expect—a skeleton has been found among ruins known to be those of an ancient nunnery, therefore the skeleton is that of a nun. But it runs *ex converso*—human remains are found apparently walled up in a ruin, therefore the ruin must be that of a house of religious women.

Secondly we are reminded, that as the nunnery was finally wrecked by the Danes in 875, the remains, if those of one of the inmates, must have been in the wall for more than nine hundred years, which is a long time for the sandals to have been perfectly preserved in a situation so dubiously air-tight. I say nothing of the fact that the nunnery was destroyed by fire, which might have been supposed to shrivel the leather, even behind a wall.

Lastly, Dr. Carr lets us see that he, a diligent and competent investigator living on the spot, and therefore presumably able to question those with whom remained the tradition of the discovery, had found nothing to satisfy him that the remains were even those of a female.

A complaint was made a page or two back that no satisfactory particulars were forthcoming about this interesting find. Perhaps the reader will after all be disposed to think that the evidence is sufficient—sufficient, that is to say, to show how utterly untrustworthy are all the conclusions based upon it.

Amongst the works mentioned above as conspicuous by their silence respecting the immured nun of Coldingham is Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's *Ancient Church of Scotland*. That Mr. Walcott should not have bestowed even a footnote upon the nun in his full account of Coldingham Priory is remarkable—the more so that in an earlier work he shows himself a devout believer in the good old Protestant tradition. In his justly-esteemed *Dictionary of Sacred Archæology*, under the heading (monastic) "Prison," we find the following statements: "In all cases solitary confinement was practised, and in some cases the guilty were immured, after the pronunciation of the sentence, *Vade in pace*—'Go in peace.' At Thornton the skeleton of Abbot de Multon, *c.* 1445, with a candlestick, chair (*sic*) and table, was found built up within a recess of the wall; and a cell

with a loop looking towards the high altar, remains at the Temple, in which William (*sic*) le Bachelor, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, died."

Here then are two other interesting examples which invite verification. They are placed by Mr. Walcott in the front rank presumably as being the most satisfactory and the nearest home. At the same time we may remark *en passant* that neither the one nor the other in the least realizes the idea of Sir Walter Scott or the Exeter-Hallites. But let that pass. Mr. Walcott unfortunately does not condescend to give references for particular statements. Instead of that, three or four pages at the beginning of his volume are devoted to a general citation of authorities, a practice which is about as helpful to those who desire to check his accuracy as if he had said, "*Vide* MSS. at British Museum, *passim*." By a fortunate accident, however, an examination, among other sources, of the index to the *British Archæological Journal* suggested a reference to the volume for 1846, where, in an article by J. H. P(arker) on *Thornton Abbey*, it was easy to recognize the source of Walcott's inspiration on the subject of Walter Multon.

All that is known upon this head may be given in very brief space indeed. William Stukeley, an archæologist of the eighteenth century, published in 1721 a work called *Itinerarium Curiosum*, the purpose of which is sufficiently described by its sub-title—"an account of the antiquitys and remarkable curiositys in nature or art observed in travels thro' Great Britain." Passing in one of his journeys by Thornton Abbey in Lincolnshire, he gives a rapid description of it. I quote the sentence which precedes and follows that which concerns our present subject, to show the casual nature of the reference.

"Along the ditch within the gate are spacious rooms and staircases of good stone and ribwork arches. Upon taking down an old wall there, they found a man with a candlestick, table and book, who was supposed to have been immured. When you enter the spacious court, a walk of trees conducts you to the ruins of the church."[1]

Now this brief notice seems to be the only foundation of the story. Mr. Parker cites no other authority, as he

[1] Stukeley, *Itinerarium Curiosum*, p. 95. First Edit.

almost certainly would have done if he had found anything more satisfactory. A search made in county histories, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and archæological journals, has resulted in nothing further. So we are left for this fact to the casual remark of a traveller at the beginning of the eighteenth century who does not imply even that he believed the story, or saw the chamber, or knew how many years before his time the discovery may have been made. A candlestick, a table, and a book seem rather curious adjuncts for an immured man, and are certainly not provided for in Sir Walter Scott's plan of operations. Amongst the thousand and one accidents that might account for the discovery of a skeleton under such circumstances, the suggestion that the remains were those of an Elizabethan priest forgotten in a hiding-place would at least have something more to say for itself than the theory of the wiseacres of Thornton.

But Messrs. Parker and Walcott are not only satisfied about the immuring, but they know that the victim was Walter de Multon, Abbot of Thornton in 1443. It appears that the compiler of a MS. history of the Abbey[1] writing about the year 1525, says that he had been unable to find any record of the death or place of burial of this particular abbot. Whence Mr. Parker concludes: "It is almost impossible to doubt that this significant passage has allusion to the fate of Walter Multon, who expiated his unrecorded offences by suffering that dire punishment, which, we have reason to believe, the secret and irresponsible monastic tribunals of the middle ages occasionally inflicted upon their erring brethren."[2]

It ought to be mentioned perhaps that according to Mr. Parker an old tradition exists in the place of an abbot having been immured there,[3] but we are not told by whom

[1] MS. Tanner, 166.

[2] *The Archæological Journal*, ii. p. 593. The "significance" of the passage is probably due to Mr. Parker's manner of translating it. He does not give the original Latin.

[3] For the value of tradition in such matters see the story of the "bairns boäns" at Fountains Abbey, quoted by Mr. Peacock, p. 45. The bones in question, supposed by local tradition to be those of children put out of the way by the monks as soon as they were born, were examined by competent medical authority and pronounced to be pigs'!

the tradition was ascertained, nor given any reason to think that this is more than a confused popular recollection of the incident mentioned by Stukeley.[1]

The other instance of an immured prisoner which Mr. Walcott cites with all the air of appealing to an ascertained fact as certain as the accession of Queen Victoria, is the case of "William," he means Walter, le Bacheler, whose supposed cell may still be visited in the Temple Church, London. His authority in this case would seem to have been the tolerably well-known work of Mr. Addison, published in 1842. However this may be, Mr. Addison's presentation of the facts is so dramatic that it would be a pity not to allow him to tell the story.

"This dreary place of solitary confinement is formed within the wall of the church, and is only four feet, six inches long, and two feet, six inches wide, so that it would be impossible for a grown man to lie down with any degree of comfort within it. Two small apertures or loopholes, four feet high and nine inches wide, have been pierced through the walls to admit light and air. One of these apertures looks eastward into the body of the church, towards the spot where stood the high altar, in order that the prisoner might see and hear the performance of Divine Service, and the other looks southward into the Round, facing the west entrance of the church. The hinges and catch of a door, firmly attached to the doorway of this dreary prison, still remain, and at the bottom of the staircase, is a stone recess

[1] In a recently published volume entitled *Bygone Lincolnshire*, by W. Andrews, we read: "The Abbot's house on the south is now occupied as a farm-house. In making the excavations was found a tomb inscribed, 'Roberti et Julia (*sic*) 1443,' and in a wall was found a skeleton with a table, a book, and a candlestick, supposed to be the remains of *Thomas de Gretham*, the fourteenth Abbot, who was immured (buried alive within a wall) for some crime or breach of monastic rule. The Annals of the Abbey are somewhat scanty, there being little known of its ecclesiastical or domestic history." (p. 146.) The author of the paper in which this passage occurs, Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., in answer to my inquiries, has kindly informed me that he is indebted for this information to Timbs. (*Abbeys and Castles*, vol. i. p. 374.) This looks like an independent tradition; but further investigation reveals that it is nothing of the sort. Timbs simply copies somebody who copies Parker, and Mr. Ross has blundered in reproducing Timbs.

not a fragment of evidence or analogy to produce for his view, and yet he goes so far as to include in his book a sensational full-page engraving representing two Templars bringing down from this chamber the dead and half-naked body of their supposed victim.

At the same time it should be clearly understood that what chiefly calls for protest in this statement of Mr. Addison's, is not the charge of cruelty against the Templars, but the unscrupulous way in which a highly improbable conjecture is assumed as certain fact. That a prisoner should be so severely treated during his confinement that he survived but eight weeks is an incident for which probably every country in Europe as late as the seventeenth century could have furnished scores of parallels. A grave suspicion, we may readily admit, rests upon the Order of the Templars, that the terrible accusations which led to their suppression were not in all cases without foundation. If so, there could be no ground for surprise if a body of rough soldiers who had lost their religious spirit should occasionally have set the law of the Church at defiance in the cruelty exercised upon offenders against their statutes. But even in the case of the Templars there is no reason for taking such charges for granted without reasonable proof, and neither here, nor in the human remains discovered at Temple Brewer, can we say that anything like a clear case has been made out against them.

It will be sufficient here again to appeal to the Protestant authority already referred to. "In other vaults," writes Archdeacon Churton, "under some of these ruins there have been found heaped together in confusion the remains of bodies of old men and children, and some with broken skulls, as if they had died by violence. This is described particularly as the case at an old ruin of a house of the Templars. Is it not most probable that these may be the bones of persons slain in the Wars of the Roses, or the later civil wars, and thrown into these vaults, as a place

confine a lunatic. This tiny cell only received light and air from the interior of the church. Everything was there certainly that could be needed to turn a sane person into a madman, but whether it was with any hope of curing these unfortunate beings that they were thus mewed up (*chartrés*) is more than I can tell."

where they would be out of the way and none would interfere with them? The Templars were not accused by their worst enemies of making a kind of 'black hole' of any part of their premises. Nothing is more uncertain than a charge founded on the discovery of human bones in disused cemeteries and in unusual positions."[1]

The passing allusion that has lately been made to anchorets and recluses, suggests the interesting question how far a confused oral tradition about these voluntary prisoners may not be responsible for the popular belief in the existence of walled-up nuns. People had certainly not forgotten this institution of pre-Reformation days in the time of Shakspere. It is thus that the player-queen in *Hamlet* alludes to the practice:

> To desperation turn my trust and hope,
> An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.

The life, no doubt, of these recluses was a severe one, and what Mr. Cutts calls "the popular idea that they inhabited a living grave,"[2] was occasionally, though rarely, to some extent justified.[3] Bilney, the Reformer, in his *Reliques of Rome* (1563), has a long indictment of the "monastical sect of recluses and such as be shutte up within walls, there unto death continuall to remayne," and we may remark that an interesting verbal parallel to Dr. Rule's bugbear may be found in the phrase used of an anchoret in a note to Peter Langtoft's Chronicle: *Richardus Fraunceys inter quatuor parietes pro Christo inclusus*—"Richard Francis enclosed between four walls for Christ's sake."[4]

We have no space here to discuss the question of recluses at any length, but it may be interesting to note the deep impression which the idea had evidently made upon the mediæval imagination. No book, perhaps, is more truly representative of the habit of mind of that epoch than the *Golden Legend*, and this is how we find the penance of "Thaysis" described in that collection of stories. I quote the translation of Caxton reproduced by Cutts. "She went to the place whiche th' abbot had assygned to her,

[1] Op. cit. p. 314.
[2] *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, p. 121. [3] *Ibid.* p. 146.
[4] Edit. Hearne, ii. 625.

and there was a monasterye of vyrgyns; and there he closed her in a celle and sealed the door with led. And the celle was lytyll and strayte, and but one lytell wyndowe open, by whych was mynistred to her poor livinge; for the Abbot commanded that they shold give to her a lytell brede and water." The great number of recluses in England during the middle ages has never perhaps been properly estimated. There seem to have been as many as a dozen living in the city of Norwich alone, all in separate anchorholds. What is perhaps of importance in the present connection is that in some cases this enclosure was enjoined as a penance. The recluse remained a prisoner, but in this sense a voluntary prisoner that she was physically free to leave her cell if she chose. An instance is quoted by M. Viollet le Duc under the heading, *reclusoir*.

In a paper like the present it is almost inevitable that more hares should be started than it is possible to run down satisfactorily. Still there is one allusion which occurs in an extract given in an earlier page which I should be sorry to leave without some further comment, however brief. In the Rev. W. L. Holland's magic-lantern lecture on *Convents Romish and Anglican*, he tells his hearers, it may be remembered, that Dr. Grattan Guinness has "lately seen most perfect skeletons of walled-up nuns . . . in the old disused monasteries of Mexico." It would be interesting to have Dr. Grattan Guinness' own description before us, and with that object I have examined the list of the somewhat voluminous *opera omnia* of that reverend controversialist in the British Museum Catalogue, also the titles of the scarcely less voluminous works of Mrs. Grattan Guinness. However, none of these seem to promise anything about Mexico, and so I am forced to make at a venture a suggestion which may possibly account for this remarkable feature in Dr. Grattan Guinness' experiences.

It is a piece of information which seems to be tolerably familiar abroad, though it may possibly be new to some English readers, that the Capuchin Order in more southern climes have a peculiar custom as to the disposal of their dead. When a religious dies, the body is conveyed to a crypt or mortuary chapel under the church, and there, still clothed in the habit, is fixed upright in a sort of niche,

where it is carefully bricked up. A twelvemonth or so afterwards, generally before the feast of All Souls, the brick partition in front is removed, and the remains, of which by this time nothing is left but the skeleton, are exposed to view. The bones are draped in a new habit, and are then allowed to stand in the crypt side by side with many similar skeletons, where their religious brethren and the faithful come from time to time to pray for their souls. This somewhat ghastly spectacle[1] has been made the subject of a copy of verses by "C. C. G.," written, it appears, in 1830.[2] I reproduce the last three stanzas:

Amidst the mould'ring relics of the dead,
In shapes fantastic which the brethren rear,
Profaned by strangers' light unhallowed tread,
The monklike skeletons erect appear.

The cowl is drawn each ghastly skull around,
Each fleshless form arrayed in sable vest;
About their hollow loins the cord is bound,
Like living Fathers of the Order drest.

And as the monk around this scene of gloom
The flickering lustre of his taper throws,
He says, "Such, stranger, is my destined tomb;
Here, and with them, shall be my last repose."

Now it is not, I think, too much to assume that if Dr. Grattan Guinness had come upon a cemetery of this description, left probably *in statu quo* in some suppressed Capuchin convent in Mexico, the sight would certainly have presented in his eyes all the features of a horrible tragedy.

But if nuns were never walled-up alive, some reader may say, how is it that the story has come to be so widely believed? The limits of this pamphlet do not allow me to answer the question as fully as it deserves, although we have already glanced at some possible explanations. The etymological confusions of the word *immure*, the voluntary

[1] I understand that both in Malta, where the "baked monks," as they were irreverently termed by the English passengers of the P. and O. steamers, were accounted among the sights of the island, and in the Capuchin convents of Italy, the practice is now forbidden.

[2] Printed in *The Catholic Keepsake*, p. 80. Burns and Oates.

confinement of recluses, the manner of sepulture practised in some religious Orders, have all probably contributed something to the myth. But there remain many other causes to be taken into account. The upright interment of dead bodies is a practice not unknown even in England since the Reformation.[1] On the Continent burial alive was a common penalty for several classes of offences. More noteworthy still, a curious pagan superstition[2] survived for centuries in many countries of Europe that to secure the permanence of great structures—bridges, castles, or what not, it was necessary that the body of a child or a maiden should be built up into the foundations. In other cases doorways have been bricked up as the most convenient way of hiding the evidences of a tragedy.[3] When such things come to light bigotry has always an explanation ready, and the unknown terrors of the cloister are invoked to account for every skeleton found in an old building in an unusual position. But even could such allegations be proved in individual instances, as assuredly they have never been proved, the fact remains that the whole spirit of monasticism is in flagrant contradiction to them. Sir Walter Scott describes his three judges as

> All servants of Saint Benedict
> The statutes of whose order strict
> On iron table lay.

"It is a pity," says the Protestant Archdeacon Churton, "that this man of genius had not first read these statutes and seen how totally inconsistent is the spirit and the letter of them with such a doom as he describes."[4] This is really the main issue, and I can find no more suitable words than these with which to conclude this essay.

[1] See instances quoted by Peacock, l.c. pp. 50, 51.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 49, and *The Academy*, July 31, 1886, p. 73.

[3] The "secret chamber" of Glamis Castle is said to be a case in point.

[4] Churton, l.c. p. 312.

St. Margaret,

THE PENITENT OF CORTONA.

(1247-1297.)

The life of St. Margaret of Cortona is an example of God's mercy to the sinner, and is full of consolation for the penitent. In St. Margaret we see one who had abandoned God, but was not abandoned by Him. God watched over her, listened to her faint cries for help, treasured up her feeble desires of a return, till at length, by a great act of His love, He brought her out of the wilderness of sin in which for nine years she had wandered.

This glorious Saint, who was destined by Almighty God to draw numberless souls from an evil life to a life of grace, was born in the year 1247, at Laviano, a hamlet distant about twelve miles from Cortona. Laviano at the present day has little attraction except for those who love St. Margaret. It stands on a hill which rises out of the Val di Chiano, and is picturesquely situated in the midst of pine woods. The little Church of SS. Vitus and Modestus, some four or five houses, and the cottage pointed out as the birth-place of St. Margaret, are all that now remain of the village. This cottage is little better than a shed, for which, it would seem, the ground floor is used. The upper room—there is only one—is approached by a staircase from the outside. In this room is a faded picture of St. Margaret, over a broken bracket, where an altar may once have stood, and a fire-place in one corner.

The cottage stands at the foot of a little height on which Margaret, in her happy childhood, no doubt often

played with her companions. Her eyes then looked upon the scene upon which on our visit we gazed with admiration. To our right was the valley of the Chiano, before us a mountain-range on the lower slope on which we could see in the distance the white houses of Montepulciano. Above Montepulciano rose the beautiful outline of Monte Santa Fiora, and ranging further to the left, Monte Citone, whilst in the valley beneath were the placid waters of the Lake of Montepulciano.

Margaret's parents were simple country people, who lived by their daily labour. Her father cultivated his little plot of ground, whilst her mother was occupied in the care of the house and of her children. Soon after Margaret's birth her pious parents took their little babe to be baptized in the parish church of St. Peter at Pozzuolo, a village on the hill which rises above Laviano. In baptism the name of Margaret, or Pearl, was given to the child by what has well been called a special dispensation of Providence, who had destined Margaret to be a precious Pearl in the corona of Saints that surround His throne. As soon as Margaret could speak, her pious mother taught her to pronounce the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and to love Jesus crucified. So fond did the little one become of the crucifix, that she would often hold it in her infant hands and cover it with kisses.

But death came to this happy home, and Margaret lost her mother when she was only seven or eight years of age. This was naturally a great grief to Margaret, as well as a great misfortune for her, since she was now deprived of a mother's love and that training which a mother alone can give. Time passed on, and Margaret's father, wishing to provide some one to look after his children and his house, married again. But his wife, to his sorrow, took a dislike to Margaret, treated her harshly, and made her home unbearable to her. The high-spirited girl resented this treatment. Her heart sought for love and found it not; she shrank into herself, and her home-life became miserable. Her father, who was most of the day absent at his work, would find, on his return home, discord where there should have been

peace: and Margaret's tearful eyes showed him how unhappy she was. So were sown the seeds of after trouble.

As Margaret grew in age she grew also in beauty and grace of form. All who knew of her unhappiness at home felt a sympathy for, and all admired, the beautiful girl of sixteen years of age. About this time a young nobleman from Montepulciano came to reside at the country seat of his family, the Palazzo as it is now called, not far distant from Laviano. He heard of Margaret, and desired to see the village beauty. One day when riding to Laviano he caught sight of Margaret, and he was smitten with her charms. His visits were repeated, and at length he told her of his love. He spoke of his palace at Montepulciano, which he asked her to share with him, and of the rich dresses and jewels which he would give her if she would consent to leave the path of virtue. Margaret, unhappy at home, and desiring to exchange ill-treatment for affection, her poor cottage for a grand house, splendid attire for her humble garb, yielded to the persuasions of the young nobleman, and went to live at his palace. Dazzled by the splendour of her surroundings and flattered by the attention she received, Margaret, for a time, felt a joy to which she had long been a stranger. Still she was not truly happy; the pleasures which surrounded her, the society into which she entered, the affection lavished upon her, the luxurious palace, could not satisfy her heart. Margaret looked back to the days when she was at home; she thought of her dead mother's love and her father's care, and she sighed for release from what she felt to be slavery—the slavery of sin. Her conscience reproached her. She would often retire from society to weep in secret, and beg for the mercy of God, which she strove to gain by works of mercy to the poor. Still she had not as yet the courage to break the bonds which enchained her. But God's time was at hand. He was about to make His justice felt, and at the same time to show His mercy.

Some dispute having arisen respecting the boundaries of the property at the Palazzo, where Margaret was now

residing, the young nobleman went out to endeavour to settle the disputed claim. He met those who denied his right; a quarrel ensued, and the young man was killed. His assailants, to conceal the body, dragged it into a thicket and covered it with leaves and brush-wood.

When, on the day of his departure, the sun was about to set, Margaret looked anxiously from the window of the Palazzo, expecting the return of her lover, but there was no sign of him. She retired to rest and arose the following morning, wearied and depressed. That day was followed by another night of distress, and another day of alarm and almost despair, when she saw approaching the castle the faithful dog that had accompanied his master. At length he is coming, she thought, and ran down to welcome him home. But no, the dog lay down at her feet, howled mournfully, and then pulled her by the dress as if desiring her to follow him. Trembling and fearing some ill, Margaret followed where she was led. After they had gone some miles, the dog stopped beneath an oak-tree, scratched away a heap of leaves with his paws, and revealed to Margaret the body of him she had loved. A faintness came over her, and she fell to the ground. On recovering her senses she arose, gazed at the corpse before her, and then by God's mercy the eyes of her soul were opened. She saw the state to which death had reduced that countenance which had been so pleasing in her eyes; she thought of where the soul had gone; she knew it had passed the judgement-seat of God, and only too probably had been condemned to that Hell which would be her portion also unless she repented.

These thoughts, by God's grace, penetrated into her heart. They converted her, and she, who had fallen to the ground a sinner, arose a penitent.

Margaret returned to the Palazzo an altered woman, and whilst grieving over what she had reason to fear must be the sad state of him she had lost, she grieved yet more over her own sins. Had she not been the cause of the unhappy nobleman's continuance in sin? She determined henceforth to do all in her power to blot

out her sins by penances and by prayer. "O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" was now her continued cry—"Lord, save me, or I perish;" for she felt, from the weakness of her nature, a return to sin even now was possible.

The attendants at the Castello were surprised to see the sad and downcast look of Margaret, so different from her former proud and stately bearing. They soon learned the cause of her woe, and their sympathy prompted them to minister to her with even greater willingness and deference than before. She begged them, for the love of God, not to show her so much respect. "I am not worthy to receive attentions from you," she would say; "I am Margaret the sinner, who for so long has offended our God; I do not deserve your homage; reserve that for those who may be worthy of it. Think of me no longer as your mistress, but pray for me that God may forgive me my sins."

Having laid aside her rich robes, she clothed herself in the garb of a penitent, disposed of all the wealth that had been lavished upon her, gave to the relations of the young lord all that had belonged to him, and then began to consider where she might find a shelter for herself and her child.

But where could she go? Should she return to Montepulciano, the scene of her sinful life? No, that would be again to place herself in fresh occasions of sin, and that she was determined to avoid. Should she go to Laviano? Here poverty and a hard life awaited her, and she knew not if her father would receive her. Her step-mother she felt would be still more harsh in her treatment of her. But no matter; she had sinned, and now she would accept humiliations and harsh treatment as some compensation to God for her crime. So, like the prodigal in the Gospel, she said: "I will arise and I will go to my father, and I will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against you, but you are my father still, refuse not to receive your penitent child, forgive me the pain I have caused you, the shame I have brought on your name—father, forgive me!'"

With such words as these she threw herself at his feet, and obtained his forgiveness, sealed by his fatherly embrace.

Not so with her step-mother; she could not bear the presence of Margaret in the house, and gave her husband no peace till she forced him to send away his repentant child—now a woman of twenty-five—to seek for some other dwelling. When Margaret was turned away from home, she went into the garden not far from the cottage, and there, kneeling beneath a fig tree, she wept bitterly. Some shoots from the tree are still to be seen. God never forsakes the soul that returns to Him, and Margaret was a true penitent. Not all the suggestions and temptations of Satan, with which he now troubled her, could shake her resolve of giving herself wholly to God. A voice bade her go to Cortona and there place herself under the direction of the Friars Minor of St. Francis, and become a Tertiary of the Order. Margaret obeyed the call, weak as she was, and ill able to take so long a journey on foot. She arose and set out, leading her child by the hand. On quitting Laviano, the home of her early days, where she left a loving and much-loved father, Margaret ascended the hill to the crest of the ridge, to take one look at the church tower of Pozzuolo, in which she had been baptized, and then she set out on her way to Cortona.

When she reached the place where she had found the dead body, and where God's grace had touched her heart, she remained a while to rest and pray. How she thanked God for the mercy He had shown her! Offering once more all her sufferings to Him as a penance for her sins, she fervently renewed the oblation of herself to His service, and earnestly implored grace and courage to keep her resolutions.

A chapel now marks the spot. It is called the chapel of repentance. Over the door is a representation of St. Margaret as she knelt there with her child on the ground beside her. By the road side is an old oak, partly decayed, but yet retaining some vigorous branches. The tree may be taken as a symbol of St. Margaret,

who though once dead in sin was now living again by the grace of God, putting forth the fresh green leaves of repentance.

Margaret pressed onwards. Turning her glance away from the Palazzo, near which she passed, she looked to her right and saw the beautiful lake of Thrasimene; but her eyes scarcely noted its beauty. They were directed to Cortona, which, after weary hours of walking, she entered.

Where was she, a total stranger, to go? Who could take pity on her and her child? God's mercy watched over her. He who had not forsaken her in her sinful days was now at her side. As she was climbing the steep hill which leads from the gate, she saw two ladies, the Countess Ranieri and the Lady Maineria. They saw and pitied the poor forlorn and weary woman who stood before them, and, perceiving that she was in need of help, offered her assistance. Margaret, encouraged by this kindness, told them briefly the sad story of her life. They were so touched by her confession, that, seeing she was determined to lead a good life, they offered her hospitality in their own house.

The one desire which Margaret had after her conversion was to do the will of God as perfectly as she could. It was therefore in obedience to the Divine Inspiration which she received at Laviano, that after she arrived in Cortona she placed herself under the direction of the Friars Minor.

Fra Giunta was the Father appointed to be her confessor, and it was under his guidance that she reached the height of sanctity at which she afterwards arrived. Margaret's first act was to purify her soul from sin by confession. In making it, she was so overcome by her emotion and her grief for her sins that it took her eight days to complete her avowal of them.

Even when Margaret had received absolution, she feared that she was unworthy of it, and that such grievous sins as hers should be so speedily forgiven seemed to her hardly credible.

Henceforth she always made her own those words of

the Psalm of the penitent David, and with him she cried out: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy. Wash me yet more from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

The gravity of her offences was always present to her mind. She felt what a share her sins had had in the sufferings of her Saviour. When she looked at her crucifix which she had so much loved as a child, and which was now still more dear to her, she saw in the wounded Hands the work of her own hands. In gazing at the Sacred Feet she knew they had been pierced with nails because of the wanderings of her own feet in the ways of sin. In beholding the wound of the Side of Jesus she felt that it was her crimes which had plunged the lance into His adorable Heart. In the Crown of Thorns and in the mangled Body she saw the expiation of her guilty pleasures: and so out of love for Jesus Crucified she made His Passion and Death the subject of her constant meditations, and endeavoured day by day to blot out the ill-spent past, and cleanse her heart from all which might prevent her from that close union with God which she so earnestly desired.

Grace had wrought so great a change in the heart of Margaret that while the world considered her to be a Saint she was in her own eyes but a sinner. That heart which before had been inordinately bent on worldly pleasure now aspired to nothing but the joys of heaven. If Margaret had been like Magdalen in her sin, she now imitated her as her model in her conversion, hoping like her to regain innocence by penance, and so share in its reward.

Though Margaret had with deep contrition confessed her sins, she did not feel that she had thereby done enough; she realized that satisfaction was due for them, and so resolved on making the remainder of her life one of penance and of prayer, for she knew well that her satisfaction must bear some proportion to the gravity of her sin.

Her whole life was changed. Instead of the enjoy-

ment of wealth, she was now content with poverty. Mortification of her desires took the place of self-indulgence, and instead of days which she had devoted to worldly pleasure, she now passed her hours in weeping over her sins, and in retirement from the world. Within her heart the love of the Creator now took the place which had been filled by the love of the creature. In the poorly-clad woman with her hair close cut, and concealed by a coarse linen cap, those who had seen her in all the splendour of her worldly attire could scarcely believe that they beheld the same person. She went daily to confession and to Holy Communion, and in order to pray undisturbed, she chose a chapel where she would be little noticed, which adjoins the Church of St. Francis. This chapel is now used as the sacristy.

When hearing the word of God, she chose a spot beneath the pulpit where she could neither see nor be seen. Then when her hours of prayer were ended, she would return to her cell, and at Vesper time would again return to the church, in order that she might end the day in the immediate presence of God.

Her life was spent in prayer and mortifications, and in work which was necessary in order to provide that subsistance she required for herself and her child; but even in her work, prayer was not neglected. Intercourse with the world was now however forced upon her, and with an exceeding charity she would assist such poor persons as needed her service, such, for instance, as women in child-birth. But even in these offices of humble duty she yet maintained great reserve and recollection of mind. She used to retire to pray in some corner of the room when for a time her services were not required. Her food was of the simplest, and when away from home on her errands of mercy, nothing could induce her to break the rule of abstinence that she had imposed upon herself.

The pardon of her sins had in no way diminished the abhorrence she felt for them. So deeply did she even now feel her offence that she would tell those she met, as she passed along the street, of her guilt, and ask them to pray for its perfect remission, expressing to them her

desire to know if God had in reality forgiven her, and moving to tears all whom she addressed. And these sins which she made known in public she did penance for in the solitude of her cell. Days of prayer in the church were succeeded by nights of prayer contrite and broken only by her sobs, "the sacrifice of a contrite and humbled heart."

The brief hours which she allowed for sleep she took lying on boards with a stone for a pillow. What a contrast to the slight penances by which we punish our sins!

But Margaret thought not of herself alone, she felt that by her example she had been the occasion of sins to others, and so her desire now was to repair the scandal she had given that she might at the same time show her love for God and her neighbours. As Montepulciano had been the chief scene of Margaret's sin, so did she now desire that it should be witness of her repentance. She wished to make such reparation as lay in her power to its inhabitants for the bad example she had given them. She designed to go to that town, clothed in sackcloth, with a rope round her neck, as some atonement for her luxury in dress and for the rich necklace of jewels she had formerly displayed. She even intended that the town-crier should proclaim aloud "Here comes Margaret the sinner!" so earnestly did she wish that in the place where she had been treated with such deference and respect, she should now be overwhelmed by the reproaches which she felt were her due. Her confessor, however, forbade this, and in obedience to him she gave up her design.

Father Giunta, however, permitted Margaret partially to carry out her wish at Laviano, where she had first fallen into sin. It was on a Sunday, when all were assembled for Mass, that Margaret entered the church of that village with her hair close cut and her feet bare, clothed in sackcloth and with a rope round her neck. She knelt where she would be least perceived. No one recognized in the pale and emaciated face of the mysterious pilgrim that Margaret they had formerly

known so well. When Mass was concluded, Margaret arose and, throwing herself at the feet of the Lady Manentessa—scarcely able to speak from the sobs which choked her—with sighs and tears of contrition, begged pardon of all the astonished bystanders imploring them to forget the scandal she had given them, and beseeching them to learn the lesson from her example that the greatest evil in life is sin.

The great desire Margaret had to free herself from all that had ever been an occasion of sin to her, and her fear that her beauty which still remained might yet be an incentive to it, she sought to destroy her comeliness by striking her face with a stone, in order that the livid bruises might disfigure it, and at other times she would cover it with soot, that the fairness of her skin might not be seen.

So far was Margaret from lessening her austerities and mortifications as the years went by, that she increased them both in number and severity up to the very day of her death.

By the kindness of friends, Margaret's child had been sent to be educated at Arezzo, and she was now left free from the necessity of providing for him, and able to devote herself completely to the service of God, and to that life of retirement which she so much desired. It was Margaret's wish, in order to lead a more perfect life, to enter the Third Order of St. Francis, the confraternity of penance, that branch of the great Franciscan family which has produced so many saints in the world. Later on, her son also was to join the Seraphic Order in which he became a priest and a noted preacher.

The Friars Minor did not at first accede to Margaret's wish. It was considered more prudent that a long trial should be given her in order to test the sincerity of her resolve to lead a new life, and it was not till after three years waiting—years borne by Margaret with patience and resignation—that she was at length admitted, in the year 1275, to the privilege of becoming a child of St. Francis. Margaret, once she had been received, wished not only to be a member of it by name and by wearing

the habit, but closely to imitate her Seraphic Father. Thus by following his life, by the rigour of her penance, and by the fervour of her prayers, she raised herself to so high a degree of contemplation as to become a perfect imitator of the Poor Man of Assisi.

Margaret had a great love and desire for solitude, and in fact cherished it so deeply that she never left her poor dwelling except to seek God in His Church, or to assist the poor whom He had confided to her care. Up to this time Margaret had lived in the Palazzo Moscari, the palace of the ladies who had given her hospitality on her first arrival in Cortona. Though in this house she had but a little cell separated from the other part of the house and its occupants, yet a palace and its neighbourhood to the world did not seem to be a fitting dwelling for one who had become a Tertiary. Margaret therefore sought and obtained from the charity of her benefactresses a poor dwelling in the street beyond the Porta Berarda, where she might live in silence and alone. In order that our Saint might unite herself more closely to God, she wished to free herself from everything that could attach her to the earth; she accordingly discontinued the services which she had been used to render to women in childbirth; she ceased also to be present at baptisms, to which mothers would invite her, in the belief that her presence would bring a blessing on their offspring.

In a short time nothing would be left to Margaret but her solitary cell, in which she might weep for her sins, and the Church of St. Francis, which she frequented to be nearer to God, and to fortify her soul with His word which was preached in it by the Franciscan Fathers. But to reach the church, Margaret had to go out into the street, and she feared even for this short distance to set her foot in the world which had been the cause of her sin. Earnestly did she wish to fly to some solitude, to be alone, that she might prepare for the time when God would call her to Himself.

God, who had destined Margaret to be a means of withdrawing sinners from their sin, and at the same time

of purifying herself yet more from her own, did not for some time permit the accomplishment of her desire. As Margaret was prevented from retiring into actual solitude, she endeavoured to form a hermitage in her own heart. On her way through the streets to church, Margaret kept her eyes fixed on the ground, so that she might avoid seeing anyone or anything. She guarded her ears likewise from useless talk, and put a restraint on her tongue, only speaking when the honour of God or the good of her neighbour required her to do so. Margaret seldom opened her door to anyone, and then but for a short time, and for no other purpose than to speak of God. With these rare exceptions, the silence of her cell was unbroken—nothing was heard in it, save during the hours of the night, when it resounded with her lamentations and the strokes of the scourge.

Though there was tranquillity in Margaret's cell, still she did not find within it that perfect peace for which she sought. A storm was raging within her soul, owing to the intense desire she had to feel assured of the forgiveness of her sins. It was Satan who brought back her former sins to her remembrance and endeavoured to make her despair. He would tempt her with the thought that after all she was still in her sins, that the peace of mind which she had enjoyed was but a woman's fancy. In this anguish of soul a cold sweat would break out on her, and her despairing cries reveal the fear that overwhelmed her. Though she made her fasts yet more strict, her disciplines more frequent, her prayers more prolonged, the disturbed state of her soul often prevented her from approaching Holy Communion, or if she did approach, it was with fear and trembling as if she who had sinned so deeply was unworthy of a love which was the privilege of more faithful souls.

All these trials developed in Margaret new characteristics, for her doubts and fears lead her to the feet of her confessor and, purified by the furnace of interior trials, the last remnants of earthly miseries were burnt out, and the contrite penitent became the future saint.

Margaret, like other servants of God, was raised to a

height of sanctity to be an example to us. We see in her a singular love of the poor whom she tended in their needs, often saving for them what was necessary for her own sustenance. Nor did she relieve their bodily wants only, but she took the deepest interest in their sorrows and in the welfare of their souls.

St. Margaret teaches us in this our day that there is no other way to solve our social difficulties than to take a Christian's view of poverty and of wealth. If there were more who, like Margaret, would make themselves instruments in God's hands to teach the poor to be contented with their lot, and the rich that this world is not our Heaven, then mutual misunderstanding would cease, and the two classes who now look coldly on one another would be united by that love which is bred by charity.

She had known what it was to be in affliction; the heart of Margaret was able to be a help to others. As she had been a sinner, so she was able to lead back those who had wandered from the right path; she became a true comforter of the afflicted.

The life of St. Margaret was not only one of edification for all those who lived in Cortona, but for all who read of it in the *Leggenda*, written by her confessor, Fra Giunta, how God drew her more and more to Himself, and how our Saint in turn corresponded with the graces which He conferred upon her. In the biography are to be read God's dealings with the soul of Margaret, favours she would willingly have concealed, had she not been enjoined by her confessor to make them known. They give us courage to follow the footsteps of her who blotted out her sin by the fervour of her penance. They show, too, how great was Margaret's charity towards her neighbour, whose spiritual maladies she was instrumental in healing. Still, amidst all the gratitude and praise for the good she effected, she kept the humility of a penitent, considering herself to be still a sinner.

Prayer was a necessity to our Saint, and in her prayer she embraced the Church triumphant, militant, and

suffering, so that her charity was as universal as her faith. She not only prayed to the Saints—she always endeavoured to imitate their virtues. The holy souls suffering in purgatory were objects of Margaret's special zeal and love, and at her last hour those holy souls that she had been instrumental in freeing from Purgatory, came to lead her soul to heaven. Amongst the living, too, all who needed help, shared in the benefit of her prayers, and many experienced the effect of her powerful intercession. To God alone is known the result of such never-failing charity.

Though but a frail woman, Margaret had an influence on her age. Her virtues were an edification to all. To the turbulance of the time Margaret opposed her gentleness. To the licentiousness of the age, she gave an example of austerity of life. To the troubled in body and mind she gave consolation, and, like our Lord Himself, she went about doing good. As a penitent, few were like her, and she sanctified herself in a period which appeared so unfavourable to sanctity. She taught all how much, with the help of Divine Grace, a strong will and a firm purpose can accomplish.

Poor and humble as Margaret's life was, she yet left to posterity two valuable works, the first a form of community life in the Third Order for those who wished to live retired from the world. They took the name of *Poverelle*—Poor Little Ones—from the name by which our Lord had called Margaret when speaking to her in the Church of St. Francis; and this institute existed almost till our own day. The other work that Cortona owes to Margaret was a hospital which still goes by the name she gave it, of Our Lady of Mercy—Sta. Maria della Misericordia.

Through all this active life spent for the good of others, Margaret never allowed herself to relax the severity of her penances or the austerity of her life, and these years of penitential exercises wonderfully endeared her to our Lord.

At last, our Saint, who had long desired greater solitude that she might give herself more completely to

God, retired to a desert place on the hill above Cortona. Here the last nine years of her life continued to be spent in penance and in prayer.

As Margaret's earthly career drew to its close, she sighed more than ever after that Heaven where she longed to be, nor was our Lord, on His part, less desirous to receive His faithful penitent and loving child into His eternal embrace, to place her, as He had said, in the choir of virgins, to sing for ever the praises of Him, who had drawn her from the depths of sin to make her a signal example of His never-failing mercy to the penitent sinner.

Margaret, who had been told by God that the appointed hour for her departure from the world would not be long delayed, received with a great joy the welcome tidings that now at length the day was at hand. During the last days of her life, Margaret's only food was the Blessed Eucharist.

At the announcement that Margaret's end was approaching, all Cortona was filled with grief. Many went up to the little Church of St. Basil, close to which was her poor dwelling, to see the dying Saint, and to gather from her lips some words of edification.

Margaret received with joy those whom she had loved so well and served so tenderly, but her thoughts were absorbed with God, and she sought not to prolong farewells which would prevent the intercourse of her soul with her Creator.

The morning of the 22nd of February dawned, and the soul of Margaret passed into the unveiled Presence of God to receive the reward which she had so earnestly striven by her life of penance to gain.*

In the days of her vanity, when one of her companions reproached her for her conduct, Margaret had replied, "Never fear, the day will come when I shall be called

* To those of our readers who wish a short but fuller life of St. Margaret of Cortona, we recommend the "Nuovo Compendio della Vita di S. Margherita dei Cortona," published by Meucci, Salvoni and Co., Cortona, 1886, from which much of our sketch is taken.

a saint; yes, I shall be a saint, and pilgrims will come to my shrine." This, which we may call a prophecy, is now literally fulfilled.

From Cortona and the neighbouring villages, crowds come to venerate "Santa Margherita" on the day of her feast, the 22nd February, as also on that of the translation of her relics, the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. Before ascending the hill to the church in which the body of St. Margaret lies, the pilgrim, if he be a stranger to Cortona, will stay a moment in the Piazza at the foot of the hill, to gaze on the beautiful vale of the Chiano which stretches out before him. On the lower slopes of a mountain range which bounds the view, he will see the towers and domes of Montepulciano, where part of St. Margaret's life was spent. Under the peak of Monte Citone, but at some distance from it, one acquainted with this country can distinguish the little hill on which Laviano, St. Margaret's birthplace, stands. As she went on her errands of mercy in Cortona, our Saint would have had these two spots frequently in view, and so might say with David, "My sin is always before me."

To the left are the blue waters of the beautiful Lake of Thrasimene. Turning his back reluctantly on such a scene of beauty, the pilgrim ascends the hill to the Church of Santa Margherita. As he stands on the level ground in front of the church, he reads the words: "Penitenti Margheritæ."

The pilgrim enters and takes a hasty glance around, for he is impatient to approach the High Altar to venerate the Saint whose body rests above it. It is a modern church, devotional in character. St. Francis and other Saints look down from their brackets between the arches. In the right hand transept is the statue of St. Margaret, and over the altar in the same transept is a wooden crucifix, somewhat rude in execution, but of the greatest interest, for this is the crucifix that in the church of San Francesco spoke to St. Margaret. Pausing for a moment before the High Altar, the pilgrim sees a sarcophagus which rests against the wall of the chapel of the Blessed

Sacrament. It is the work of the great sculptor Giovanni Pisano. In this sarcophagus the venerated body of St. Margaret once lay. A marble tablet on a pillar near the chapel tells the pilgrim that on this spot was the humble room where Margaret spent nine years in penance and in prayer, and that here on the 22nd February, in the year 1297, as a victim of penance, she died and went to enjoy the Beatific Vision, having by common accord been given the title of Saint. The pilgrim now kneels before the High Altar, and there he sees in the rich metal shrine the incorrupt body of St. Margaret, the object of his pilgrimage.

A Franciscan father, to a pilgrim like himself, remarks that the body of St. Aloysius, whose life was spotless, has followed the ordinary course of nature, whilst the body of Margaret, once a sinner, has nevertheless been preserved. And does not this, he went on to say, show God's love for the penitent and for that innocence which has been regained by penance.

The body lies with the head to the left, a white cap or veil covers the head, a dress of flannel, marked with squares formed by dark lines, covers the body. The hands, which are small, are crossed on the breast, and the feet are bare. The nails of the hands are perfect, but of the colour of an acorn that has fallen ripe from the tree in autumn time. The skin, of a greyish colour like the parchment covering of a book, is tightly drawn over the bones of the face. The sockets of the eyes are deeply sunk—the eyelashes wanting, the lips compressed. The whole aspect is that of peace, and the pilgrim feels as if he could gaze for long hours on this countenance which so rivets his attention. It has been said that an odour of sweetness comes from the venerated body, and that the mark of the stone with which Margaret struck her face to disfigure its beauty is yet to be seen upon it.

On the eve of the Feast, the canons from the Cathedral of Cortona walk in procession from the Cathedral, clad in copes, preceded by a crossbearer, with ecclesiastics in surplices, to venerate the body. They

kneel around the altar and sing a hymn to St. Margaret with its versicle, response and prayer, 'O Margarita pœnitens,' &c., and the prayer ended, they return back as they came to the town.

The pilgrim goes down to the town and, as he does so, visits the Church of St. Francis, where St. Margaret was wont to pray before an altar, when the crucifix, now transferred to her own church, spoke to her, addressing her as "*Poverella*," and asking her what she wished for. In passing through the streets he sees how the people of Cortona venerate "Santa Margherita." There is her statue on the Piazza of the Cathedral, and at no great distance a picture of the Saint before which several lamps are lighted to honour the saint whom they so deeply love.

On the feast itself, the pilgrims from Laviano, the birthplace of St. Margaret, ascend the hill to the church to venerate the body of their countrywoman, and as they come near, they sing a penitential hymn. They have started in the early morning and walked the miles that separate Laviano from, Cortona, and arrive in time for the High Mass. After the procession has entered the church, which already full, is now packed with a dense crowd, the pilgrims come up to the altar. They are headed by a picture of the Saint borne by a woman from the village. Then comes the crucifix with lamps on either side, and the processional cross, and after it the villagers and girls complete the procession which passes several times round the High Altar, above which is exposed the body of the Saint, and as they do so, they sing hymns in plaintive notes. So crowded is the church now, that even the choir of the Friars, which is behind the altar, is filled with people, who, eager to see their Saint, find it difficult or impossible to find room elsewhere. Those in the church crowd up, clustering like a swarm of bees round the altar.

But evening has come, and the officers of the municipality arrive to close in the shrine; for the body of St. Margaret is under their custody. First, however, the Father Guardian enters the church, vested in a cope.

He kneels with his attendants before the Altar, over which hangs St. Margaret's crucifix, the very one that had spoken to the Saint. After a few prayers have been said, and a curtain drawn before the crucifix, he passes on to the High Altar, where a hymn is sung and some prayers recited. When these are ended, the Guardian rises, turns to the people and says, " Let us devoutly recite a Pater, Ave, and Gloria in honour of St. Margaret, that she may obtain for us a good and holy death." The prayer over, the Guardian has mounted the Altar, and wipes with a cloth the glass which closes in the shrine. He then draws a curtain before it, and St. Margaret's body is lost to sight, but not to the love and veneration of the pilgrim.

When the Father and his assistants have retired, the members of the municipality now come forward. Two, with lighted candles, kneel at the side of the altar, whilst other two close the shrine with a massive iron-bound board, which they lock in three places. They then place before it an antependium, on which is a representation of the Saint's body as it lies in the tomb. This too is locked, the candles are extinguished, and the feast is over for that year.

May the love of St. Margaret of Cortona be to us and to all poor sinners, a pledge of God's goodness and infinite pity!

Pilgrimages.

"SO you are going to the great Pilgrimage. I suppose you will enjoy yourself. A pleasant excursion for the time of year."

A pleasant excursion! You are sneering. Well, it may perhaps have its pleasures. All devotions have. The chanting in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's is pleasant. Some of your better preachers are no doubt pleasant. Yet I suppose you would hold that the services in Westminster Abbey are not without devotion because they have a spice of the pleasant in them. It is not absolutely necessary to devotions—especially public devotions—to make them as unpleasant as possible. Your sneer is unfair.

"Sneers mostly are; so I will give it up. But seriously—in Westminster Abbey I see the pleasure and the devotion too; in your Pilgrimage I can fancy something of pleasure, but I am not clear about the devotion. I don't understand if you want to pray why you can't stop at home to do it instead of spending a lot of money and travelling hundreds of miles."

You, if you wanted something from God, would stop at home, like a good sensible Englishman, and ask for it squatting on your heels at your bedside?

"Squatting on your heels! Why can't you say kneeling on your knees?—you are unnecessarily sharp sometimes."

I beg pardon. In the Protestant church I went to as a boy squatting on the heels was the most reverent posture I saw. When people came in they put their faces inside their hats—why, I know not—then down they sat; some few leaned forward; the holiest squatted. But besides squatting and the hat business I don't remember any reverence, except in the old paupers in the chancel, who holding to some remnant of Catholic usage wheeled sheer round to the East at the Creed; and even they shook their wet umbrellas inside the altar-rails. But don't get angry. I believe you have improved since then, and it has nothing to do with Pilgrimages, so let us get back to our subject. The question is—

Wherein is it better to travel hundreds of miles to pray than to stop at home to pray, and where is the sense of it?

Well, now, in the first place, let us be clear that Pilgrimage is only one of the forms of prayer. Don't be angry if I say that I think we Catholics pray, by the very nature of our religion, more than you. The Catholic Church, looked at as a body, thoroughly fulfils the command to pray always. No moment of time night or day in which the prayers of the Church Catholic are not wreathing up like incense before the Throne of God; and so we are always praying; and as human nature cannot always be doing the same thing without change and variety, the Catholic Church has—what you have not—a great many kinds of the one thing, prayer. Your only idea is going straight to God yourselves privately, or a public service in which a minister puts up petitions, mixed with reading and preaching, you following and listening—other kind of prayer you know not. Now what you ask of God in this one direct way, we ask of God in ten thousand ingenious varieties of devotion, all human—that is, all according to the nature of man—by which we dedicate to God every part of our nature, and are able by their variety to keep up our attention, to touch our feelings and to rouse the warmth of our love.

Let us count up a few of our varieties. While you have only direct prayer, we have first many forms of your direct prayer—as the private prayers we say by ourselves, the prayers in which we join two or three with ourselves, as in Triduos and Novenas—Indulgenced prayers—Confraternity prayers—Litanies—ejaculations, as at the striking of the clock, or at the ringing of the Angelus and De Profundis bell; making Acts as of Faith, Hope and Love; prayers for this reason and for that, with this motive or with that, with different blessings and different promises, so that even in direct prayer the ingenious excuses—to use the word—for praying always make the task lighter to us, and help us to pray much without knowing or thinking that we pray much, and therefore without any chance of conceit or hypocrisy about it. What everybody does makes no man conceited.

But then besides direct prayer there is, firstly, the Holy Sacrifice—the Mass; now without singing and ceremony, and now with singing and little ceremony, and now again with its full splendour of unearthly music and splendid decoration and crowded choir and grandest ceremony.

Then there is the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the sweetness and the beauty of Benediction—all prayer, but all different.

Then there is Confession, another form of prayer, and of prayer in which you hear the answer; and Communion, highest form of prayer, and of prayer in which you hear and feel and see the answer.

Then there is Meditation, where the heart speaks and the heart listens and the tongue is silent—Meditation with many varieties, framed for different minds, in which each man's heart makes a prayer-book for itself.

Then there is mixed prayer and Meditation, as that Divine invention, the Rosary, wherein are all the Gospels, all the Creeds, and all the spiritual books—that fifth Gospel which our Lady wrote, and which, as a book would be which is written by a mother, is the prayer-book for the poor, and the prayer-book for the sick and tired, the companion of the journey, the solace of the aching heart and the rest of the weary brain.

"You love the Rosary?"

Love it! But other books have been written on the fashion of our Lady's Book; there are many Rosaries besides the great Divine Rosary: as the Rosary of the Seven Dolours of Mary, of the Precious Blood, and so forth. And then—

"What! another then? When will you come to the end of your kinds of prayer?"

Truly I am astonished myself—I did not think I should have gone on so long. As we forget the mercies of God because we are always eating His food and breathing His air and warmed with His sun; so we live in the air of the Catholic Church and breathe it, and know not how many blessings our good Mother is pouring on us all day long, until we try to count them up. Shall I go on?

"You had better finish the list if you can."

Well, then! there is another kind of prayer—in which are joined meditation with the mind and prayer with the voice and action with the body: another variety which helps us to pray always, where, instead of kneeling still as in meditation, we arise and move about, so aiding the mind to think. Such are the Stations of the Cross. Pictures are hung up, that so the labour of the artist may be pressed into God's service, and that our gad-about eyes, which are so apt to draw our

minds from prayer, may be compelled—poor things!—to help us in praying. Then we travel from picture to picture, making the very restlessness of our body do service in the worship of God. Each picture represents some part of the Passion; we stop and meditate, and offer up that part of the Passion which we see before our eyes, putting that part of the Passion into the Our Father and Hail Mary which we say aloud with our lips, as incense is put into the censer. These Stations are our Home Pilgrimage—pardon the word —to the Holy Land.

Of such sort again, is the Procession; much meaning and variety has the Procession—now of penance, and now of thanksgiving—and now of triumph and now of supplication; sometimes sad and penitential with little pomp, and sometimes with splendid statue and flying banner and rich decoration. Now it is the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament stopping at Altar after Altar to give Benediction, and now of our Lady, and now a penitential procession singing the Litanies.

And of such sort is the real Pilgrimage, in which, indeed, if rightly carried out, are joined together all the other kinds—the greatest of that kind of prayer in which meditation, the prayer of the voice, and the action of the body are united; an actual prayer-book of all devotions, where prayer is lifted on high by ten thousand winged angels, so to speak—is wafted to the heart of God by Holy Sacrifice, by Penance, by the saints, by union, by warmth and earnestness of love. But let me finish my kinds of prayer and then come back to Pilgrimage.

"What! Have you other kinds yet?"

Yes: and I know not how many. Truly, I never thought till now how thoroughly the Church prays always, and how we live a life of prayer. We drink it in at our pores and know it not. There is the prayer of sign and symbol, where we speak to God by the oldest and widest and quickest language of sign and symbol. One of our strongest prayers is like a flash of lightning, in which the putting up of prayer comes likest perchance to the powerful lightning-like descent of grace—an act which is, more even than a word, the image of a thought, which is the making visible of many thoughts at once—the whole Gospel and the Catholic faith compressed into a moment of time—I mean the sign of the Cross. Belief in the Blessed Trinity, in the Incarnation, in the

death of our Lord, and not only belief, but hope and love, are telegraphed to God (if I may dare use such a word) by that rapid sign.

Of such kind of telegraphic prayer is the burning of lamps and candles before images—an act of honour put up to bring down the grace—the silent bringing of the gift, that the receiver of the gift may be pleased and grant the favour.

And of a higher kind and more continuous is the wearing of the Scapular, the little vestment which is Mary's livery, and which is worn—as the knight of old time wore the favour of his lady love, a continual sign of his devotion to her—so the Scapular, a continual unceasing expression of our love for and trust in Mary, unceasingly drawing down from our Mother a return of love to us, so that while we love on she cannot leave us; beholding us clad in her livery, gathered under her garment, she kneels ever at the feet of God, and ever pleads her Son's five wounds, and ever the issue of our blood is staunched because we keep fast hold of the hem of Mary's robe.

See now! I must give it up. I might as well count the leaves on a tree, I think, as the variety of the Church's prayers. Even now I had well-nigh forgotten holy water, one of the lightning-flashes, where the treasures of the Cross and the prayers of the Church are gathered in one drop, whereby the Church is "always praying" an ocean of prayers, so seeming weak, so really strong.

I must give it up. I have touched on a few of the clearer and most marked ingenuities of prayer by which the Church enables her children, easily and as by nature, and scarce knowing, to pray always. What I want you to get clear about is that Pilgrimage is one of these varieties of prayer, one of the modes by which men put up their needs to God. It is no mere ceremony, no pleasant excursion, no superstition; it is the solemn, earnest presenting of supplication to God: one of the strongest and best and holiest forms of prayer known upon this earth.

"Yes: one of your forms of prayer. Thus much, I think, I knew before; what I want to know is, where lies the special force of that kind of prayer? Why so strong and good and holy? Why at all better than the prayers which you say at your bedside, without the trouble and expense, the inconvenience and danger, of wandering abroad? A

gipsy kind of prayer, I should call it, unsettling and disturbing to the peaceful quiet influence of home."

Well! well! Home is all very well; rather narrow, isn't it? Wants width. Very English, I know—insular and home-loving as we are—but not world-wide at all. Now Catholic prayer and Catholic doctrine, while they guide, strengthen and purify, all that is noble and good in home and home affections, yet produce a world-wide spirit · the soul opens and gets large, breaks down all petty barriers and trumpery distinctions, and becomes more God-like, embracing in its wide love all creatures. I should put that down as just one of the benefits of Pilgrimage; it is not "homey."

"Ah! you don't care for home!"

Don't I? Not a man in home-loving England loves home better than I. But, pleasant as home is, I fear that it may easily become only a little enlargement of self. Shall I draw you a wicked and sarcastic picture of home? Self made very comfortable in the chimney corner—arm-chair, you know—pipe, yes! certainly, pipe, and—pardon me—pot on the mantel-piece; then a roaring fire—none of your economical stoves, of your headachy hot-water pipes, but a living fire, a fire that makes one of the family, dancing and playing and prattling and singing its cheerful song up the chimney, chaffing in its pleasant way the cold snows and the sharp winds that rail at it without. Then on the other side of the fire, just opposite, is the pleasant face of the "Missus," that dear old face without which you haven't done this thirty years and couldn't do, full of happiest memories and tenderest thoughts, and so sweet to look upon even now—though she shakes her head, does the missus, and vows she is growing old—that to your eyes at least there is no scenery in nature like the pleasant landscape of your missus' face. Then there is Alice—sweet Alice—your eldest born, who leans over the back of your chair and sweeps your face with her brown curls and puts her little finger into your pipe, and does all kinds of tyrannical tricks which somehow are very pleasant; and on your knee is pet Georgey, your youngest born, who says the funniest things in the world, and wants to know why that fine young fellow of twenty-five summers, who is the only stranger in the room, always sits next Alice when he comes; why can't he sit near him or near papa! All this is very pleasant, very softening, very civilizing if you will; but it may easily be only self, with such

accompaniments as make self taste sweeter. As turnips to a boiled leg of mutton—pardon my vulgarity—so is home round your home-loving self.

Too bad, am I? Well, pardon me, it does seem to me that to bring nations together is a higher thing than to bring families together. "How jolly to be all by ourselves!" is the motto of home. "How jolly to make all the big world one large home!" is the motto of the Catholic devotion. I will grant you that the love of home is full of much that is fine; but, nevertheless, I must hold that it is one of the blessings of Pilgrimage that it is not homey. It helps to unite nations who by nature are disunited, rather than keep up the union of those who are already one.

Think how in old times, when steamboats and rail did not hurry men together in any natural way—when the thirst of conquest forced the half-civilized tribes into unceasing war —think how this old devotion of Pilgrimage must have brought the nations together and made them feel their brotherhood in a peace-loving home, something like that boundless home of Heaven. Side by side men of all nations travelled to the shrines of the Holy Land—side by side they came across seas to the shrines of Canterbury—side by side they fought at the Crusades to win the sacred places which they loved so well; and as they travelled and so fought, they learned that there were ties which bound all the world together wider and stronger than the force of wide power, or the narrow limits made by mountain, stream, ocean and varying tongue. A nation is a second home—a small home after all; in it also is some of the selfish smallness of the homes in which charity not only begins but ends also.

Commerce, you say, does the same thing now better than Pilgrimages. Aye! but commerce has self for its end, and Pilgrimages have not; commerce may increase knowledge and so break down the prejudice of ignorance, but it does not of itself foster love. Commerce will murder the Chinese with opium, and pay toll to heathen temples—what matters it? Commerce will eat up native tribes, like a cannibal as it is; and so commerce, after two or three hundred years of rule, will end with a rebellion, because it may bring nations face to face, but cannot weld and fashion them into one.

Now out of sight out of mind—among true proverbs most exceedingly true. And so, especially in an island like ours, Catholics who see no Catholicity but their own get to have a

Catholicity of their own, and a Catholicity of one's own is not a Catholic sort of thing: and they get to lose sympathy with the rest of the Church, and the pains and sorrows of the other limbs of the body are nothing to them. What need the foot care for the head which is aching so fearfully? Verily I believe that that same ocean which is the bulwark of our tight little island was also one of the natural causes of the Reformation. We got homey and selfish; the Crusades united us no more with other nations; and we no longer felt nor loved the Catholicity which we did not see. And Pilgrimages fight against this and keep us wide and Catholic.

"This may be a good fruit of Pilgrimage, but how does it make it a stronger prayer than other prayers?"

Pardon me; your talk of home led me into speaking of this good result; but such good results are a fruit of the good qualities in this kind of prayer, and of these good qualities we will now at length speak.

"Not before it is time."

Your rebuke is just, so to begin at once.—The first good quality is earnestness shown by trouble taken. To kneel at home is but little trouble; to go abroad in Pilgrimage costs much pains and gives great trouble. You cannot be a Pilgrim without spending money, spending time, and suffering inconvenience and hardship of travel. Now trouble is surely a great proof of earnestness, and earnestness goes far to make a strong prayer. A man must be in earnest, or intend to be in earnest, who will rise up and leave home and business and comfort to ask something from God. He may kneel a million times by his bedside and be in little earnest; but if he rise up and cast off every home-tie and spend his whole being for days or weeks in asking his petition, he must mean it. He has given as strong proof of earnestness as a man can give.

In earlier times he must have faced danger as well as trouble. It was no slight risk to travel, even with the protecting sign of the Palmer's dress, through troubled Europe. It was still greater risk to venture to the Holy Places over which the infidel had rule; even now there is more of danger to health and life than in quietly kneeling at home.

All this adds to the strength of prayer. God deals with us according to our nature; and you would yourself be more inclined to listen to the request of a man who had come five hundred miles to make his request than to the un-laborious

prayer of another who had only stepped in from next door. The one you could easily send back to come again; the other must be heard and answered as his earnestness and labour had deserved. You may be obliged to refuse, but you must hear; and if you refuse, you will make your refusal as courteous and as gentle as possible, and gild it with a gift of some other sort.

And if so we deal with one another, how much more will the good God be favourable to any earnestness that we may show? He will surely count the steps of our Pilgrimage and reward every inconvenience and trouble.

Again! Pilgrimage takes openly before the world the side of God. And especially in these days is this virtue of Pilgrimage brought out.

When Europe was Catholic, the Pilgrim haply won the praise of piety; in our days the Pilgrim wins the newspaper's sneer and the critic's contempt. The world would pass God by and deny the power of prayer; the Pilgrim takes no little trouble to acknowledge God's rights in the world and to assert the power of prayer. He bids the world look on while he spends his money and his time simply to get an answer to prayer. And this boldness surely gives a force to prayer. He who boldly declares the right of an exiled king, and goes out to join his king in his exile, surely wins from that king more love and more reward than the peaceful citizen who is content to profess his king in the quiet of his home. So Pilgrimage is a public act of faith in an age of public infidelity—a light shining before us even in a time of extremest darkness. And the faith of a prayer is that which makes it strong.

Then next, Pilgrimage is none of your conceited prayers that stand alone. Knowing its own weakness, it looks round on every side for aid. It besieges the throne of Grace as one of an army. It likes to gather a whole family to its Father's presence, because it knows that a petition of a household is stronger than the petition of a single child. Hence it has the strength of those prayers to which is promised answer

because two or three are gathered together. Pilgrimage is the common action of many, taking the same trouble, showing the same earnestness, putting up the same petitions, and therefore is it strong.

And it shows this humility not only by seeking aid from fellow Pilgrims on earth, but by demanding help also from the citizens of heaven. What is the very meaning of going to the shrine of SS. Peter and Paul or any other saint? It means that we know the weakness of our own prayers because we are sinners, and the strength of their prayers because they are saints: it means that we know also that God has placed us in a family that so the strong may help the weak, and that the weak may show the humility proper to their weakness. So then we go to the saints and demand their strong prayers—demand with the right of a brother and a suffering brother, and a brother who has made himself by his folly so piteously weak. And this humility, this touching acknowledgment of weakness, speaks to our Father's heart. There is no prayer like humility. It tyrannizes over the Heart of God and never has it been heard that He refused it anything.

Then, again, the prayer of Pilgrimage is the prayer put up according to the special will of God, and here is another beauty of its humility. God has willed that such and such a mystery should be specially and at this time brought forward. He has been pleased to draw His children's eyes towards this or that saint, towards this or that place which He has made holy. He has willed to give special and unusual mercies by this channel and in this place rather than in other way. And Pilgrimage, knowing that the giver of mercies must give His mercies as He pleases, that it is not for the receivers of mercies to lay down the laws of place and time and way in which they will receive them; and knowing moreover that our loving Father has loving reasons for His choice— reasons for our good, not His; Pilgrimage, knowing all this, humbly and reasonably will go to the ends of the earth, if God so wills, to receive His favours.

Once more, the Catholicity of which we have already spoken. A prayer is strong that is loving; strong if it remember all the limbs of the body as well as itself, stronger still if it remember

most the limb which is weak and ailing. The show of mercy brings mercy down. Now Pilgrimage has just this Catholicity. Mostly the Pilgrim wanders into foreign lands, and by so wandering declares all members of the human family to be dear to him. Our own recent Pilgrimages have been marked besides by this show of mercy. They have been Pilgrimages of loving prayer for the Holy Father; for torn and suffering France; or, as now, a loving visit to shrines which have been too little loved and are in danger of a dishonour which would bring a shame upon us all.

Much of this strength was in the Pilgrimage which God Himself commanded under the Old Law. Thrice a year the Pilgrims went up to Jerusalem: so travelled our Lord's own feet in Pilgrimage many a time. They went in obedience to God's will; they went to pray together in the same place, they went as one family, and they went to join in the one Sacrifice, which was but a poor and far-off type of the Sacrifice which hallows the Pilgrimages of to-day.

I will add but one thought more. It is part of our human nature that we are stirred by the sight of the very places at which great deeds were done—great sufferings borne. Our nature is bound by time and space, but we can turn our bonds into helps which give new life and power to the soul. In Time—the Anniversary, the Jubilee, the Centenary arouse in us warmer feelings, new thoughts, strong determinations. In Space—the very picture of a place made sacred by some noble history works upon us in the same strong way; still more then the place itself. And so to kneel where a Saint has knelt, to kiss the spot on which a Saint has bled, helps us to love the Saintliness and to follow the Saint. The place speaks to us as no preacher can speak. The stones cry out with more than human voice. Chiefly of course is this true of Rome and of the Holy Places. To kneel where first Mary adored her Son; to pray on the very spot where that Son redeemed the world; to be lifting up prayers on spots which must be very dear, because They have Human Hearts, to Jesus and Mary still, surely this must put a power into our prayers, a warmth, a devotion, a contrition, a love, which they will hardly have elsewhere: and if when two or three are gathered together, it matters not where,

there is He in the midst of them, much more will He be with them bringing special Blessing, when love has drawn them together on the very spots which He marked for His own from all Eternity and sought for Himself in His Pilgrimage from Heaven.

Up then with you from your arm-chair; away from your home comforts; leave your family and your business to take care for a few days of themselves, or rather bid the angel-guardians take care of them, and away with you to the Holy Places or the tomb of SS. Peter and Paul, and pray there a stronger prayer than ever yet you have prayed. Showers of grace and blessing will come down upon the absent ones, and you will come back more blessed yourself to a more blessed home.

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Price One Halfpenny, or 3s. 6d. per 100.

ONLY NELL.

By Theo Gift.

I.

"O-ver! O-o-ver!"

It was the fourteenth time that day that I had heard the same words, sometimes only a long, shrill cry, like the initial letter; sometimes prolonged over the second syllable. Getting impatient at last, I went to the window and looked out.

I had taken lodgings that summer in a little village on the banks of the Thames. They looked out upon the river, and I had only been in them a few days when the frequent repetition of the monotonous cry alluded to drove me to ascertain its cause. It was a wet afternoon in the latter end of September, and above, the sky was covered with dark, rain-charged clouds, breaking every now and then into a sharp shower which bowed the yellowing foliage of the willows beneath it, and lashed the gray and turbid water into fierce resistance.

The river, swollen with late rains, was indeed running very fast when I looked out on it; and just midway between shore and shore I saw a clumsy, dingy-coloured boat, pulled by a little girl, who was evidently putting out her whole strength to reach the farther side, where a man, in labourer's dress, was waiting on the bank for her.

At first sight it seemed strange that she should have attempted it, for the boat was of the largest and heaviest, and the child herself did not look more than

ten years old ; her thin little arms, blue and bare to the elbow, seeming hardly able to wield the oars, while every stroke drew her small body so far backwards as to give me frequent glimpses of a face, paler and sharper than village children generally have, and framed in tangled yellow hair, turned upwards to the vault of leaden sky above.

Apparently, however, she had not miscalculated her strength ; for in the course of a minute or two she was safe on the farther side, had taken the man on board, and was pulling back again as vigorously as she had come. Another few minutes and I heard the grate of the keel on the gravel, and, going to the balcony, saw that she had just grounded the boat at the bottom of a narrow causeway, generally crowded with canoes, outriggers, and boats of all sorts, which led down to the water within a few yards of my lodgings ; and was standing up in the bows busily lashing the barge with no inexperienced fingers to a rusty iron stake which stood up out of the mud apparently for that purpose. The man had already jumped on shore ; and, having finished her task, she stood still for a moment, her ragged dress and hair blowing out in the rough, wet wind, her short arms clasped behind her head with a yawn of such utter weariness I could not help pitying her. Then a harsh voice called out :

"Nell! Nell, ye huzzy, don't stan' loitering there now." A coarse red face was thrust out of an upper window of the little public-house which crowned the top of the causeway; and with a frightened glance at it the child scrambled ashore and ran up to the house, her naked feet pattering over the muddy stones till she disappeared at the top.

Ten minutes later I heard the old cry, "O-ver! o-ver!" sounding from the opposite shore ; and through the stillness that followed, and the open window, the "gluck" of the oars in the rowlocks as the girl pushed out again on her monotonous journey.

At dinner that day I asked my landlady who the child was, and how it came that she had to do a work so disproportioned to her size and apparent strength. The good woman looked at me in surprise.

"Barker's girl, sir?" she said, inquiringly. "Oh! she is strong enough; a deal more so than she looks. Why, I've seen her ferryin' over with the wind in her teeth enough to take your head off, and the river running like a sea, an' not mind. Once, though, it were too strong for her, an' she got blown back'ards, let one oar go and 'it herself such a crack with the other that it knocked her senseless into the bottom of the boat, an' they drifted down the river an' got stuck in those reeds 'alf a mile below the church there afore she came to, or anyone noticed her. I heard as Barker gave her an awful walloping for that. He's the ferryman, you know, sir, an' keeps that there public on the top; an' it seems one of the oars were broke or lost; an' he said it couldn't ha' happened without she'd been fooling with 'em, or summat o' that sort; but the stream were too strong for a girl like 'er that day, and he ought to ha' gone himself. . . Her father? Oh! bless you no, sir. She's nothing in the world but a work'us brat, an' ain't got no other name but Nell as I've ever heard on. Barkers took her in three years ago, acause of 'aving no children of their own; an' at first she did use to help in the 'ouse only; but she soon learnt to pull an oar 'andy enough to take a party over when he were busy in the bar; an' now she does three parts of it. . . . Well, they do tell he's most always drunk now-a-days, an' his wife too, for that matter; an' they knock that girl about awful, I will say. Why, I've often 'eard her screams right in here of a night time, when they've been banging of her. . . . Brutes? Eh, well, sir, maybe 'tis a bit brutal; for she's but a little 'un yet; but they're a bad lot there altogether, the worst lot out an' out in the parish; an' I doubt (saving your presence, sir) but she's a sad young limb o' the devil 'erself. Why, there's more fightin' and cursin' in that there public than in any other within ten miles. It's just as good as to say a man's goin' to the bad as to say you've seen him going into Barker's; an' our rector have tried to get the licence took away a dozen times; but some'ow they al'ays manages to scrape over an' get it renewed. 'Tain't likely as a child 'd be worth anything, brought up that way, an' never going to church,

nor school, no more than a heathen savage; an' I give my little Tommy a good whack the other day 'cause, in spite of my tellin' 'im not, I caught him playing with 'er down by the boats; an' Miss Prosen, the rector's daughter, passin' by at the minnit. . . . Oh, yes, sir, that's all very well, an' a' course one do pity all such misbrought-up gutter children, pore things! but our first dooty is to take keer on our own families, as I'm sure, sir, you'd allow if so be you was a father yourself; an' I do assure you the trouble an' worrit of 'aving that public alongside o' me is more nor you'd think. Why, it's a good ten pound out o' my pocket in the lodgin' season alone; for if folks are annoyed by the rows there they won't come again, and then I'm obligated to redooce my terms, as is not fair on a lone woman as never owed a farthin' to nobody; an' hasn't a bed in the 'ouse as you couldn't turn up the mattresses an' look between the joints with a lighted candle any hour o' the year, an' no fear o' coming on the ghost of a bug, or a flea neither (saving your presence again for the naming of 'em, sir). Lor! if I hadn't got a lease of the 'ouse for fourteen years, an' furnished with carpets to fit, an' all on the strength of it, I'd ha' moved somewhere else ages ago, just to be out o' the way o' Barker's, and the rows there." With which, and being somewhat out of breath, Mrs. Jennings retreated to bring up my pudding; and seeing that the subject was a tender one with her, I took care not to renew it.

Not being a father myself, however, with a "dooty" to my own family, I could not help feeling some interest in the poor little outcast from civilization, whose screams, under her master's thrashings, disturbed the serenity of the neighbouring village pharisees. I had come to S———on a sketching excursion; and next time I wanted to cross the river, I turned down by the objectionable public, a disreputable-looking place enough, and bearing the sign of "The Free Ferry" over the door, and catching sight of Nell, scraping a large kettle outside, asked her to ferry me over. With a curt nod for answer, and a shout of "Ferry!" addressed as if in explanation to the interior of the house, she dropped her

work instantly, scampered off, and had got the boat unlashed and ready to push out before I could get down to her.

"Give me the oars," I said then, noticing that she had a great inflamed bruise on her left arm, and seemed to move it with difficulty. "I'll pull myself over," and then, as she obeyed, though with some surprise in her face, I added:

"Doesn't it hurt you to row with your arm in that state? How did you do it?"

The look of wonder in her eyes increased. Possibly it was the first time anyone had spoken gently to her for a long while. Glancing down at the bruise she answered with a voice and accent less coarse than I had expected:

"'Twas missus's stick, sir; but I don't mind. I can row all the the same if you like."

"I don't like. Does she often mark you that way with her stick, child?"

"Not wi'out I's been vexing of 'er, sir. 'Tain't nothin' anyhow," with a grateful look in her big brown eyes, which touched me more than I liked. "Missus says as I marks easier nor any girl she ever met."

"She doesn't hit you the lighter for that," I said, indignantly. "Why don't you try and find a kinder mistress?"

Again she looked at me in a wonder not unmingled with contempt at my asking the question.

"I aren't nothing to do wi' findin' 'em, sir. 'Twas the work'us' 'prenticed me to master, an' I don't think he'd fare to do wi'out me now anyways."

"You talk as if you liked them? Is he kinder to you than his wife?"

The query seemed to puzzle her, for she thought over it for a moment before answering.

"I dunno, sir. He 'its me '*arder*, but he don't 'it so often, an' he ain't always naggin' at a gal; but when he's put out just cusses at yer, no more. Last week tho' he took an' tied me up one day, an' kicked me till I was sick; but he'd took too much then; an' when he come round he guv' me a penny an' said he 'adn't gone fur

to do it. Folks is awful down on master; but he ain't so bad as they say, sir, don't you b'lieve it. Please, sir, that's the spot to ground 'er."

She spoke, looking up full in my face the whole time as she sat in the bottom of the boat, where she had crouched when I relieved her of the oars. A plain, almost ugly little face, wide-mouthed, sharp, and colourless, and with only those brown eyes which had much of the candid, patient look of a shepherd's dog, peering through a tangled mat of yellow elf-locks to redeem it. A more unkempt head, a more ragged person I had seldom seen. You could see her wretched little body through some of the holes in her cotton frock, and her legs and feet were as bare as Mother Eve's. I jumped ashore and gave her a shilling for herself.

"To buy whatever you like with," I said, as she grew perfectly incoherent in her wonder of gratitude, "and come for me again at four, Nell. You won't forget?"

"No, indeed, sir, that I won't," she answered, her whole face beaming with a grin which made it look perfectly elf-like; and I went on my way. I was back again, however, at the time mentioned, and found her sitting under the bank waiting for me. Her face wore a very different expression now, though; the eyes were almost swollen out of her head with crying, and she evidently tried to avoid mine, and busy herself with the oars. I took them from her again, however, and asked what was the matter. There was no answer at first; or only a tremendous sob heaving her chest as if it were like to burst, and the head turned more resolutely away; so, not wishing to tease her, I inquired instead what she had bought with her shilling. Unconsciously I had hit the sore point itself, and she burst out crying so that she could hardly answer.

"It fell out o' my dress as I were cleanin,' an' missus up an' took it from me. She said I'd stole it, an' it weren't mine, an' she tooked it away. Oh dear, oh dear, she did," and the tears burst out again, and were only checked by my proposal to go and speak to her mistress, and tell her I had given her the money. She

grew pale with fright at the idea, and implored me not to do so. "Missus would kick her awful for tellin', an' 'twouldn't make no difference otherways. Please would I not!" Of course I promised to hold my tongue, and (which was perhaps weak, as she might have been lying) I gave another shilling to make up for her loss. She surprised me however, by her unwillingness to take it. "'Twasn't that she wanted at all," she stammered, growing scarlet with an evident feeling of delicacy which I hadn't expected in such a little pariah, "an' she hadn't meant to let me know about it only I would ask her."

I had quite a difficulty in forcing it on her before we parted.

II

I don't know whether it was the incident of the shilling, but after this day Barker's Nell and I became quite friends. I was painting at a bit of common on the farther side of the river, and every morning, provided the weather was anything like fine, she ferried me and my traps over, and came for me again in the afternoon: a habit which resulted in my soon learning all about her which she had to tell.

She, too, told me she was "only Nell; never had no other name as she'd heard of. No, hadn't got no parents neither. B'lieved her mother had left her outside the work'us door; and as to a father, didn't think she'd ever had one. Thought it likely mother were a bad lot. *She* was, too; Mrs. Barker often told her so; and as folk said Mrs. Barker were the baddest lot in the parish, s'posed she was worse. No, she didn't mind it much either, 'cept when Mrs. Jennings, where I lodged, gave her Tommy a whippin' for playing wi her. Tommy was fond of 'er 'cos she used to row 'im across in the boat now an' then an' saved up sweeties for him when she could get 'em. He used to kiss her, too, an' call her 'pore dear Nell,' an' say he loved her, and Mrs. Jennings were a beast to whack 'im, that she were, for she'd never done nothink to hurt 'm, she would take her oath o' that; and now he never comed

near her; an' once, when Mrs. Jennings was out o' the way, and she beckoned him to have a row, made a face at her an' called out, 'No, I won't, for mother says you're a wicked thing.'" If Nell was sure of anything it was that she hated Mrs. Jennings. She had no friends of her own, she told me; had had one once; but though the girl was willing enough to talk with her and take anything Nell could get hold of to give her, she wouldn't turn her head to smile at her when Nell met her all dressed out and going to church with the other Sunday-school girls, and made believe to be looking the other way. Nell wasn't going to have "nothink more to do wi' 'er arter that," and seemed glad that I saw it in the same light. "Besides, she wasn't wantin' friends, an' hadn't no time for 'em. Missus give 'er too much to do for that."

It was for the same reason that she scouted all notion of going to church or school herself, and, indeed, expressed a cheerful conviction that "sich things wasn't for the like o' her lot." She had been once to the former place, "when she was littler; but the children pointed at her and laughed; an' parson he got up in a 'igh place, an' talked a lot o' gibberish as couldn't have no meanin' anyway." She thought it a slow entertainment on the whole; and had never wanted to go again.

And yet, with all these heathenish habits and opinions, it often struck me that Nell set a shining example to many of her Christian neighbours around. In a house where everybody else was drunk or drinking all day and every day, I never detected even the slightest taste for spirits in her. Among people who hardly ever spoke but in the foulest language, and with oaths and curses interlarding every sentence, her own conversation was singularly pure, and when an unorthodox word did come into it, it was not spoken in anger, but with a childish serenity which showed her innocence of its being in any way unsuitable to her young lips. People said that Barker's was a common resort for tramps, men and women, of the lowest order, and that scenes went on there that would not bear repetition; but Nell told me of her own accord that, beyond a rough jest or curse

as humour dictated, they seldom interfered with her; and "if they was extra riotous a' night" she used to take her blanket and sleep out in the yard under an old boat, where she had made a lair of straw for herself, and no one meddled with her there. But with a master who beat and cursed, and a mistress who starved and tyrannized over her, she slaved cheerfully away, day after day, from dawn till midnight, seeming to do pretty well all the housework as well as the ferrying; never getting any amusement, never given a holiday, never hearing a kind word;—a child with a woman's patience and long-suffering, and a free, generous little spirit, which rarely allowed even a word of grumbling or complaint to escape her; but instead was always ready to put forward a good word for her tormentors and plead, against accusing voices, that "Barker weren't as bad as people said; an' there was a deal o' good in him, bless yer; when he hadn't took too much, an' folk didn't cross him. She wasn't afeared o' him anyhow."

Her courage was to be tried sooner than we thought!

It was a wet evening, and I was returning home from a long walk, when, in passing the Free Ferry, I saw a bundle of rags, the shape of which I thought I recognized, huddled up under a wood-pile outside the house. The rain was coming down so hard, however, that, though I called her name, I hardly thought it could be Nell exposed to such weather; but I was wrong, for at the sound of my voice she sprang up instantly and came to me; pleasure at seeing me struggling with a latent expression of anxiety and fear, pitiful to see in so young a face.

"Why, Nell," I said, "what are you sitting out in the wet for?" as she stood shivering before me, the rain dripping from the edges of her ragged frock. "You will catch your death, child."

"O no, sir, I won't. A bit o' rain don't hurt me," she answered with the smile which always gave her ugly little face such a weird look. "An' I'd liefer be out 'ere. They be so awful wild to-night, I got feared to

stay wi' 'em"—jerking her head in the direction of the house, in which, to judge from the noise, a saturnalia of devils seemed to be holding feast—"an' I was a' watchin' to see yer come 'ome as well, sir, to give yer these."

And she put into my hands a bunch of wild violets, wet and fragrant, adding, as I began to thank her:

"Yer said yer 'adn't seen none this autumn; so I thought I'd go off to-day to a wood, where they grows, an' get 'em for yer."

"That was very kind of you, Nell," I said, touched by the little attention in my Ishmaelitish young friend. "But where did you get that black eye? Did you fall down on the way?"

She was as sure-footed as a cat, and laughed at the idea.

"Missus give it me to make me tell 'er where I'd been, an' I wouldn't 'cos she welted me fust for goin'. O, it don't hurt now," as I uttered a wrathful exclamation against her tyrant. "An' I didn't mind s'long as I could 'ide the vi'lets from her. She'd ha' chucked 'em inter the fire otherways."

"And I shall value them very much, and take great care of them," I said; "but, Nell, I don't like violets so well that I like you to get beaten for them."

"O, I didn't care, sir, bless yer!" said the girl, brightly, her thin little face colouring up at my thanks. "An' I liked gettin' of 'em, for yer've been very good to me, sir. Hark! isn't that master callin'?"

The frightened look had come back into her eyes, and I tried to detain her, saying that I was sure Mrs. Jennings would let her sleep in one of the out places for the night, if I asked her. "You'd much better not go back to them till morning, child. They seem to be all mad together by the row they make: and it's no fit place for you."

She shook her head, quite trembling at the mere idea.

"O, no. I must go, I must indeed, sir. Missus'd 'alf kill me to-morrow if I didn't. 'Tis the threshin' machine men from the Black Country as is there; an'

they're al'ays a bad lot: an' she'll want me to 'elp serve 'em. 'Tain't them I'm afeared of neither."

"Who then, Nell?"

"Mr. Barker," and she almost whispered it. "Sometimes he goes on the soak for three or four days, till he gets downright mad, an' don't know nothin' no more nor if he were a wild beast, an' then I be daunted of 'im. He's been awful bad to-day, an' cotched me up once an' tried to smash me ag'in the door, a-swearin' he'd be the death o' me. One o' the other men pulled 'im off, an' I was so feared I came out 'ere; but maybe he's sleepin' now, he most al'ays goes off like a log arter one o' these takes on; an if missus is wantin' me. . . . Yes, there she's callin' again! O, please, sir, let me go. I aren't frighted now, an' she'll give it me so if I don't."

And indeed the greater fear of her female tyrant gave the child such strength that, before I could speak, she had pulled her hand out of mine, and darted back to the house.

I walked slowly on to my own, and as I arranged the violets in water, I made a mental vow that I would lose no time in trying to get the child into an industrial school, or some other home, where she could be properly taught and cared for.

On the following morning, however, I received a note from a friend at Maidenhead, saying that he had taken a house there, and asking if I would run down and spend a couple of days with him. It was an old college chum, whom I had not seen for some years; so I only waited to telegraph an acceptance, and, putting up a few things in a bag, started as desired. It was the fourth day before I got home, and almost the first thing Mrs. Jennings said to me, as she waited on me at dinner, was:

"What do you think, sir? That girl o' Barker's is dead."

"Dead? Nell!" The shock and the suddenness of it seemed to take away my breath. My landlady looked at me in some surprise.

"Yes, sir, Nell," she answered cheerfully, and rather pleased, as was evident, at having a piece of news to

regale me with. "Fell down the cellar-stairs, at that there public, and was killed dead. 'Twas the night afore you went away too; an' they'd a lot of them threshing-machine folk in there as is al'ays the most disrep'table lot as ever was. They won't 'ave 'em at the Black Lion, 'cause of the rows they makes; but that just soots Barker's; an' row enough they was making that night. Why, I wonder you didn't 'ear it in your bed, sir, an' I suppose the girl was drinkin' with them, or up to some larkin' or other. Anyway, she went an' pitched right down the cellar-stairs, an' her head come again an iron bar at the bottom. They say you could ha' put your 'and in the place, it was cut that deep, an' she were stark an' cold by the time Missus Barker missed 'er, as was a couple of hours arterwards. Ah! well, it's a good moral, too, as I tells my servant-girl here, of the end those sort o' shameless gutter-children come to; an' there's one good out of it. They'd an inkwish on her yesterday mornin,' an' the crowner he give it Mrs. Barker strong, about the 'ouse. Barker was too dead drunk (ill abed they called it) to appear; an' the licence is to be took away from 'em; so they'll 'ave to go elsewheres, as is a mercy to 'umbly thank the Lord for, I'm sure."

And bought by Nell's life! Poor Nell! poor little martyred Nell! I don't know what I said to Mrs. Jennings, nothing very wise or rational, probably; but to see her violets there, still unfaded and sweet-smelling in the cup where I had placed them that night, while the willing hands that had gathered them were lying cold and stiff under the clods in the parish coffin into which she had been huddled as soon as the inquest was over! It was too much for me at the moment; and Mrs. Jennings lost a lodger whom she had, perhaps, calculated on for some time longer. I have often wondered since how the child really met her death, and from whose hand the savage blow came which, who could doubt it for a moment? knocked the young life out of her on the night when even her brave little spirit was "feared" to go back to her duty and the brute who had already tried to murder her.

It was no use to moot the question, however, where no one cared to sift it. The threshing folk, who might have answered, if, indeed, they were not implicated themselves, had appeared as the witnesses of Mrs. Barker's story, and were now gone away, no one knew where. The Barkers were not likely to turn informers on themselves; and no one else had any interest in the subject. Her very grave was not to be recognized; for two other pauper children had been buried on the same day, and even the sexton could not distinguish the nameless, shapeless clay mound which held Nell's brave heart and bruised and broken little body from those of the other two.

There is One who knows, however, a "Master" not on this earth, and more thoughtful and merciful than the careless being who went to seek his pleasure, forgetful of the trembling child who had risked blows and bruises to get him the flowers he wished for. He, who cared so well for Nell as to take her away before those about her could do more harm than "hurt the body," will, I doubt not, remember where the body is laid, and will raise it up brighter and more glorious than many an earthly queen in the day when the crushed-out gutter-children of this world are gathered to sing the "new song" of the redeemed with their Father who is in Heaven.

WINIFRED'S WORK.

By L. E. Dobrée.

It was the end of April, and the sun was shining brightly, the sky was very blue, and the beautiful white cloudlets sailed serenely along so that people cheered up and forgot all about the March winds, or the dismal fogs that had preceded them. Spring, beautiful spring, was charming the land and luring the early blossoms from their homes in the brown earth.

In one of the ancient ancestral halls of old England, a little girl was seated at her mother's feet. She was slender and graceful, and was thoroughly English in appearance—

> "An English rosebud set in thorns,
> And sweet as English air could make her."

Her complexion was bright and clear, and her hair was wavy and pretty, matching in its brownness her large eyes which at that moment were filled with tears. Indeed, the tears did not remain in them but dropped heavily upon her hands.

"My darling, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Everton, laying her soft hand on Winifred's head.

"It does seem hard, mother—so hard! I had been saving up my money to buy some silks and velvet to embroider a hanging for a bracket for the oratory."

"You meant to do it for your May work—was that it?" asked Mrs. Everton, guessing that Winifred was desirous of keeping to the pious custom she had always taught her children of undertaking some special work during the month of May for the honour of our Lady.

Winifred nodded.

"And why cannot you do it, darling? I suppose you meant it for that new image of our Lady of Lourdes?"

A fresh burst of tears followed this question, and it was some time before Winifred could speak.

"Yes, I did. And it's all gone. I had so many fines this month that I have had to pay them from my savings; besides, I broke a little ornament of Miss Lister's, and she says I must replace it."

"Fines for what, dear?"

"Mother, it's always the same. I don't know how it is, but I forget things or am careless, and that breaking of the ornament was *only* that."

"*Only* carelessness! My darling, I am very, very sorry for your trouble, but I cannot help you, for I feel sure Miss Lister has only had to punish you in this way because you were growing more and more careless."

"But carelessness isn't a *sin*, mother?"

"A fault, darling—a very bad habit," said Mrs. Everton, "and one that has very often serious consequences. If we are careless, darling, about our every day work or lessons, and our various duties, we are apt to grow careless about our religious life, our prayers, and all those little pious actions that make Heaven seem nearer—is it not so?"

Winifred hung her head.

"You know, dear, that we best show our earnestness, by great carefulness, and faithfulness in little things. Do you remember what my favourite Saint Teresa said fervour was?"

"Punctuality, regularity, and exactness," said Winifred.

"Yes, and so, dear, as you have not this May the power of offering to our Lady the work you so much wished, shall I tell you what work I think you can offer to her instead?"

"To try to be careful, mother?"

"Yes. Let that be your May work, darling, and don't be disappointed or disheartened if at the end of the month you have not broken yourself of the habit. It is only little by little that we can break what has become like a chain to us, and you will remember, dear, that though you must use your own efforts to be watchful you must pray as well, for the two always go together."

"Shall I make a special visit to our Lady's image, and say my rosary there for that intention?" said Winifred, drying her eyes, for the prospect of anything new delighted her,—she was very fond of taking up fresh devotions and becoming careless after they had lost their novelty.

"No, say only a Hail Mary regularly every day," said Mrs. Everton, "before our Lady's image."

The following day turned out to be a very busy one, for Mrs. Everton suddenly received a telegram, telling her of the illness of her only brother, Colonel Vandeleur, who was living on his estate in Tipperary, and she set off hurriedly to go to him. Mr. Everton wished to accompany her, but she would not let him give up his plan of starting for Switzerland at the end of April, as he had arranged a walking tour with an old college friend, and they wished to go early, both on account of the lovely wild flowers which jewel that beautiful land in May so richly, and also because it was before the usual tourist season.

So the children, of whom Winifred was the eldest, found themselves at the Beeches with only Miss Lister, their governess.

She was an excellent woman, inclined to be severe, and not very sympathetic, and she drove rather than led her pupils who, however, were fond of her in their own way.

For the first few days of May, Winifred did not miss the special visit to the image of our Lady, and there kneeling before her, she asked very earnestly that grace might be obtained for her to conquer this habit of carelessness. Miss Lister, who knew nothing of Winifred's plan, was quite astonished at the change in her pupil.

For a whole week no ink was spilt on the schoolroom table. Winifred always came down neatly dressed in the morning, cuffs buttoned, and collar quite straight, and the bookshelves hardly knew themselves, they were in such order. Winifred remembered everything she was told, and all her careless ways seemed to have vanished.

"Dearest mother," she wrote to her mamma, "I am going on capitally. I have not had a single fine this week, and I remembered to write to father on the day you told me. I shall be *quite* careful and so different by the end of May that I don't think I shall ever be careless again."

Mrs. Everton had not much time for letter-writing, as she was in close attendance on her brother, but she sent a few lines to Winifred, reminding her that Rome was not built in a day, and that May was not over yet.

The novelty of this close watchfulness having passed, Winifred became more careless as the days went on; her prayers were not half so ardent, and the Hail Mary was said quickly and with many distractions: and by the third week, Winifred had missed her visit to our Lady several times.

"I am much more careful than I used to be—why should I go on praying?" was her argument, only as time proved, it was a very bad one. May was so warm that year that the swing had been put up in the children's garden, and much spare time was spent by the children in it. Winifred and Rosie, who was only six years old, were specially fond of it; Dickie and Julia had a gardening fit on very strongly then, and that was an occupation that absorbed them completely. One lovely Saturday afternoon Rosie had gone out with Miss Lister, Dickie and Julia were hard at work digging and planting, varying those occupations by plying the old gardener with questions and nearly causing him to lose his temper, fond as he was of them, and Winifred settled herself in the swing, going backwards and forwards slowly.

As she swung she fixed her eyes half consciously on the iron rings through which the ropes were passed, and noticed that on one side the rope was almost worn through.

"I must remember to tell Miss Lister about it," said Winifred to herself, and at that moment hearing Topsy, her favourite little pug, howling in the distance, she jumped off the swing and hastened to see what was the matter.

Topsy was quarrelling with Figaro, the black cat, and Winifred separated them and then took Topsy for a run down the shrubbery. Three days passed, and it rained so heavily that there had to be amusement found for spare hours indoors instead of out-of-doors, and time hung so heavily, and Dickie and Julia's groans over their deprivation of their gardening were so constant, that Miss Lister was thankful when the sunshine appeared again.

Winifred's room was at the top of the west wing which was given up to the children, and fine as it was that afternoon she went upstairs to begin a letter to her mother, who had sent better accounts of Colonel Vandeleur lately.

Before sitting down to write, she looked out of the window, fascinated by the beauty of the outspread scene before her, familiar as it was. It was indeed the beautiful joyous month of May, the leaves of the grand old trees were putting on their green attire, and the lake in the distance reflected back a sky pure almost as that of Italy.

As Winifred looked out, presently her eyes travelled to the children's garden, which was just under her windows, and in one moment she saw what, to the last day of her life, she felt she would never forget. There was Rosie swinging, her hat had fallen off, and her golden hair was flying in all directions. As she swung higher—higher, there came a crack—and Winifred saw one of the ropes give way!

In a flash of memory she recollected that she had noticed that the rope was worn, but had carelessly forgotten to speak of it, and in the agony of the moment, she fell herself unconscious on the floor.

The same afternoon, Mrs. Everton was travelling down to Atchingham, which was the station for the Beeches, by a slow train. She had arrived in London by the morning mail, and after spending a couple of hours at the Army and Navy Stores, had gone on from Victoria. She had wished to surprise her children, and so had not told them that her brother having taken a decided turn for the better, she was free to come home. She had missed the fast train in consequence of

her shopping, and so had to endure the slow one which stopped at most stations.

"Only one station more," thought Mrs. Everton, as the porter called out "Kreeford—Kreeford, change here for Ludsbury and Wakinghan."

She was alone in the carriage, and as she looked out, to her amazement she saw Winifred standing at the ticket-office.

In a minute Mrs. Everton had left the carriage, and Winifred was astounded at feeling a touch on her arm, and as she turned round to see her mother—

"Mother!"

"My child—what are you doing here—and all by yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Everton, for the Everton children, like most English young people in their rank of life, never left the park gates excepting under the protection of parent, governess, nurse, or footman.

Mrs. Everton's horror at beholding Winifred standing alone on the railway platform can better be imagined than described.

"Mother—you don't know—O, you don't know—something terrible has happened!" said Winifred, and her white face answered to her words.

"Get in with me and tell me," said Mrs. Everton, as she heard the porter wildly calling to her to re-enter the carriage, and before Winifred knew what she was about, she found herself seated next her mother, telling her the whole story.

"Mother—mother, I have murdered Rosie—I am sure I have!"

The colour left Mrs. Everton's face as she heard the story.

"What makes you think so, my child?" she asked.

"Mother, because as I went downstairs after—after seeing it from the window, I heard Jacobs say to Thomas, 'She's dead'—he put it so horridly, mother—he said—'she's as dead as a door-nail.'"

"Then what did you do?"

"I dressed and came off here. I had some money, as I have had no fines this month, and I thought I would go to Aunt Norah in London."

"Did you walk here?"

"No, I met a man in a cart and he gave me a lift," said Winifred, "and he came to Kreeford, as he said he was coming this way and not going near our station. I was so frightened I could not stay at home, and I thought—O mother, I thought you would never forgive me."

"A mother always forgives, darling," said Mrs. Everton. "Pray God there is some mistake, and that in your excitement you did not hear rightly."

Winifred shook her head.

"O, mother, no. It's Rosie. Rosie is dead, and I have killed her. If I had only not been so careless and told Miss Lister about the swing being worn, this would not have happened."

Mrs. Everton did not reply. Her own thoughts were full with this sudden and unexpected news, and the surprise of meeting Winifred, and all she could do was to draw her child close to her, and soothe her by the gentle pressure of her loving arms. Neither mother nor child ever forgot that journey, short as it was, and the relief they both felt as the train slackened speed and stopped at Atchingham.

Winifred followed her mother as she alighted from the fly that took them up from the station, and her heart almost stopped beating from wonder and excitement, as Rosie's well-known little voice rang through the hall, and the child came flying into her mother's arms. In a very few minutes the mystery was explained.

"It's Topsy that is killed, ma'am," explained Jacobs, the old butler.

"Your doggie, Winifred—and I am so sorry," said Rosie, slipping her hand into her sister's; "you see when the swing broke, I fell on the doggie, and it killed him. Can you forgive me, Winnie?"

Winifred's answer was a long kiss.

"Yes, ma'am, you see, falling on the dog saved Miss Rosie. It broke the fall; had it not been for that, she'd have been killed, I'm afraid."

Very little passed between Mrs. Everton and Wini-

fred. Her mother kept the secret of Winifred's knowledge of the swing cord having been worn.

Winifred went to the image of our Lady that same evening, and, to her joy, found herself alone in the beautiful little oratory which had been built generations ago by the builders of the Beeches.

It was not very large, and the stained glass windows were very perfect, giving a many-coloured glow to the white marbles which adorned it.

Winifred knelt before the image, feeling her heart almost too full to speak, and her mind filled with deep penitence for her broken resolutions, her ill-kept promise, and her carelessness.

All from want of prayer!

As she looked up into the sweet face of the fair and undefiled Mother, she asked her to forgive her for this badly-spent month of May, and as she knelt, she remembered her earthly mother's words, which were a reflection of a heavenly truth—"Mothers always forgive, darling."

She thanked the Holy Mother for having, by her prayers and protection, saved her from a punishment almost too terrible to contemplate. It had been so near—so very near, that Winifred never forgot what the pain had been when she had for some hours imagined that Rosie was dead.

And Winifred will never forget to what carelessness may lead.

LILY AND THE PRIMROSES:

A Spring Story of a Little Girl.

By F. M. Capes.

Lily Deane was a dear little girl of six years old. She had large blue eyes and golden hair, and a very fair face with bright rosy cheeks. She was generally very merry and full of fun; but now and then she could be rather dreamy and thoughtful as well.

There were three things in the world of which Lily was fond before all others; and these things were: her Aunt Cecilia—Fairies—and Flowers. It was Aunt Cecilia who used to tell her stories about the fairies; and though many people, both children and elders, laughed at her for thinking the stories were all true, Lily never heeded them, but went on firmly believing that there were fairies in the world—"really and truly"—and longed very much indeed that she might see some of the wonderful little people herself.

One of Lily's favourite stories was that which her Aunt used to tell her about primroses. She told her that a beautiful fairy lived in every primrose, who was called Hope, who was dressed in white and green, and delighted in doing good to mortals. These fairies, Aunt Cecilia added, did not love coming into houses, and would never do so unless compelled. There was one way, however, of compelling them to come: if a mortal went quite alone, and at night, to the haunt of the primroses, then the Fairies were in his power. They must come with him, in the flowers he gathered, to his home, and there they must stay the night through, only taking flight with the dawn.

Such was Aunt Cecilia's fanciful story; and, in spite of all the pretty tales she told of good offices to mortals done by these Primrose-fairies in the open air, Lily was never satisfied not to have one of the tiny green and white beings that she often pictured to herself in her own power at home. How delightful (she thought) to have a real fairy—or perhaps a whole group of them!—sitting on the table in her night-nursery all

through the night, to peep at and speak to whenever she woke: and then to see them sail softly out of the window as the sun rose! and so she constantly longed in her own mind for some opportunity of going off alone in the dark to pick primroses.

One day, late in March, poor Aunt Cecilia lay ill. She had been ill for some time, and everyone was unhappy about her, for she was a great favourite in the house, and nobody liked to see her suffer. Little Lily was very dull and sad, for she was not allowed to go up to her Aunt's room, and she saw such dismal faces all round her. She heard them all talking about "Edward;" and bye-and-bye her mamma told her that they were afraid something had happened to her uncle Edward, whom she had heard of, and that her Aunt was dreadfully unhappy about him. Now, Lily had often been told that uncle Edward was Aunt Cecilia's husband; but she was too young to understand about it, and could not quite see why he should make Aunt Cecilia ill: indeed, she felt rather inclined to be angry with the unknown uncle who was keeping her from her dear companion.

She had been sitting for some time, on this particular morning, in the drawing-room, watching people come to and fro, and longing to be old enough to do something herself for the invalid. Bye-and-bye her mother and a young lady, who was a great friend of Aunt Cecilia's, came into the room together.

"How is she to-day?" asked the young lady.

"No better, I am afraid," said Lily's mother, in a sad tone.

"Could I do anything for her?" went on Aunt Cecilia's friend. "Would it cheer her up at all if I went up to see her?—Or is there anything I could send?—I should be so glad to do *anything!*"

"My dear," replied Mrs. Deane, "there is only one thing that would do her any good, if she could get it, and that is a little hope! The least spark of real hope would do her more good than anything we can do."

"And is there none at all?" enquired the visitor, in rather a low voice.

"None, at present, that we can see. The ship has not been heard of for a month now. We are looking

forward to the post this afternoon—there is just a bare chance of some news by it; but we don't dare to mention this to Cecilia, of course, for fear of raising false hopes:—the news is much more likely to be bad than good!"

They went on talking for some time longer, but Lily paid no more attention to them. She had been so much struck with the first part of the conversation that her little head was busy. Her mother had said that the one thing Aunt Cecilia wanted to cure her was a little hope. Now Lily remembered more vividly than ever all about the Primrose-fairies called "Hope;" and she thought that, surely, if one of them could only be got into the house, it would cure her darling Aunt. She had been told by some little friends that, not far from her home, there were some early primroses out in a warm corner of a wood; so that there was nothing to do but for someone to go down there all alone when it grew dark and to gather some of them—and then the fairies would be caught! It seemed to the child very odd that nobody had thought of it before; and she was half inclined for the moment to run to her mamma and tell her about the fairies, in case she might possibly not know already. But then she thought how very glad she should be to to do something for Aunt Cecilia *herself*; and how delighted everybody would be if she brought home the very thing that would do her good directly!

So, when she had sat and thought about it for a long while, Lily laid a deep plan as to how she should get down to the wood alone when it was dark—for she knew, of course, that to ask leave to go by herself would be quite useless; everybody would be frightened at such a thing. But this, Lily felt, was only because they didn't understand how brave and able to take care of herself she really was. *She* shouldn't be frightened: and, even if she were,—a little—what did it matter? If she went for such a good reason as this, God would take care of her if nobody else did: so it would certainly be all right.

Her plan was as follows:—She had not very clear ideas as to what "at night" meant, and it never occurred to her that it could mean in the middle of bed-time:

she thought that if she went when it had grown too dark for her to be out, according to ordinary ways, it would be quite well. Now, she knew that she was always called in-doors to tea at five o'clock, and that it was dark enough for candles before six ; so no doubt if she got to the wood about five, that would do for the fairies. She determined, therefore, to get leave to go into the garden directly after dinner, and to play there all the afternoon. Then, she would run off into the meadow that led down to the primrose-wood just about the time that Sarah, the nursemaid, would be calling her to tea, so that no one might find her. She would wait in the meadow till it began to grow dark; and then she would go into the wood with her basket—gather the primroses and the fairies in them—and bring them safe home before anybody guessed where she had been.

No sooner had Lily invented this beautiful plan than she began to dance and jump about the house with delight—but quite quietly, for fear of waking her Aunt. They all wondered what made the child look so merry all of a sudden. It never came into her head for a moment that it would be at all naughty of her to run away and hide, and perhaps frighten everybody with the idea of her being lost : she thought only of the great good she was going to do. Directly after dinner she asked if she might go into the garden to play, and leave was readily granted, for it was a comfort to get a child out of the way, with illness in the house, and it was a lovely afternoon. So the little girl put on her hat and jacket, took a small basket in her hand, and ran off joyfully.

She played about for a long while at all sorts of games that she had invented for herself, holding her precious basket tight in her hand the whole time. The basket had a cover, and Lily had a notion that the fairies would not be able to get out if she fastened the flowers down! Bye-and-bye, she began to get a little tired of being out of doors all alone, and to feel that she should like to go in-doors to her mother or nurse; but this wish she steadily resisted; for, if she went in, how should she get out again ? She set to, therefore,

once more at her games, singing to herself to pass away the time, till she began to think it must be nearly five o'clock.

Then Lily went slowly out of the garden—through the stable-yard—down their own field—across a foot-path—and at last through a gate into the meadow. She went slowly because, to tell the truth, she was beginning, despite all her bravery, to get just a little bit frightened at what she had undertaken to do! For one thing, she had forgotten, when she made her plan, that there was a cow in the meadow where she had to wait. She knew quite well that the cow would not hurt her, for she had passed often with her nurse, or her Aunt on the way to the wood; but still she could not help feeling that it would be rather terrible to be alone with the animal for so long. She thought for a moment, when she got to the gate, of turning back; but then she remembered Aunt Cecilia, and her mamma's words, "a little hope will do more for her than anything we can do:" and the thought made her bravely determine to go on.

"The cow won't really hurt me, I *know*," she said firmly to herself, as she slowly pushed open the gate of the field.

The meadow was rather a steep one, and Lily looked round anxiously as she entered it, to see where the dreaded creature had got to. She did not see it at all at first, and began to hope that perhaps it had been taken away. But very soon she spied something white moving about among the trees at the bottom of the field which she felt sure must be the cow! It was a long way off, certainly, and perhaps it might not take any notice of her just at present. With this hope, the small damsel determined to keep at the top of the field till it got dark enough to go down into the wood. She sat down on the stump of a tree which was close by, and began looking about rather timidly to see if anyone was near. No one was to be seen; and Lily sat there for more than half-an-hour alone, thinking about her Aunt, and the fairies, and the cow, and wondering whether they had begun to look for her yet. Presently, two labouring men came up the field, and as they passed her, one of them said:

"What! all alone here, little Missie? Are you waiting for somebody to take you home?"

"No, I'm not going home yet," Lily answered, very solemnly; and the two men passed on, rather to her relief. Soon after this, she fancied she heard a voice calling, "Miss Lily! Miss Lily!" somewhere behind her. She guessed that she was being called in, and thought to herself how clever she was to have got so completely out of the way. Still, in her heart of hearts she was getting rather tired of being all alone in the big field; and she had to whisper one or two little prayers, and to think of all the cheerful things she could, to keep herself from getting frightened.

And now the spring evening was closing in, and the wind was getting colder, and it began to grow dusk. Lily looked at the fast sinking sun, which was the only bright thing she could see, and made up her mind that as soon as it set she would start off for the wood. She watched it sinking lower and lower, till at last she saw it dip down and disappear. She waited for a moment, fancying that perhaps it might come up again; but when she found that it did not, and saw how dull and dark everything looked, a fit of terror suddenly seized the poor child, and she began to remember all kinds of stories she had heard about things that had happened in the night, and about naughty little girls who ran away from home, and about bad fairies. She thought, too, of the cow at the bottom of the field, and how dreadful it would be to pass her! Nothing but the thought of her dear Aunt would have kept up her courage now; but Lily had a brave little heart where anyone she loved was concerned; and so, after standing still and trembling for a minute, she clutched tight hold of her basket, and began to go down the meadow. It was not really very dark of course, as the sun had but just set—only dusk; but it seemed dark to poor Lily, who was not used to be out except in broad daylight. When she got to the bottom of the field, she stopped for a moment to consider, and to see if the cow was very near. To her horror, she saw it standing close to the path—so close, that it would not be difficult to touch it. It was grazing quietly when first Lily stood

still, and she was just summoning courage to go gently past, when the cow raised its head suddenly, and looked her full in the face! What was to be done now? Should she go back, and give up the fairies and give up all hopes of curing Aunt Cecy? No! that she would never do. Should she pass the cow quietly, then, or run?

Just as she was tremblingly considering this question, Lily fancied she heard a sound behind her. That settled the matter for her: she took to her heels as hard as she could, and ran without stopping, or looking behind or on one side of her, past the gentle cow—who looked at her in mild surprise—right on to the stile at the entrance of the wood. There she stopped, breathless; and, looking back, saw with relief that the cow had not moved. She stood still for a moment to take breath, and then turned to get over the stile. Here was a fresh difficulty! She had always had someone to help her over before, and it was no easy task for her to get her fat little legs over it, unaided. She was obliged at last to put the precious basket through first, and then to pull herself up by both hands,—not without getting some few scratches both on hands and legs, and a tear in her frock. She would not think of scratches and holes now, however; she was too much delighted to be really in the wood at last; and, taking up the basket again, she began walking as fast as possible up the path which led through it. She knew the spot where the primroses were to be found, and her one object now was to reach it as quickly as possible. She could not help trembling a little as she saw the trees rising on each side of her, and looked into the darkness among their branches. She half expected to see some ugly faces looking out at her, or to hear some horrible noises; and more than once she started, and was almost inclined to run back. But she kept bravely on, and at last came to the place where she expected to find the primroses. Her little heart beat loudly, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement, as she stooped down to look for the flowers on the bank in front of her. What was her disappointment at not finding a single flower there! Plants enough were to be seen, but not one blossom: the village children must have gathered them all.

Poor Lily was on the point of bursting into tears, when a little way off she heard some footsteps and voices; and without waiting to think what she was doing, she turned into a side-path close by, to get out of the way. She ran some distance down before she stopped to listen, and then all seemed quiet again. After waiting a moment, she was turning to go back the way she had come, when—shining through some underwood not far off—she saw something that looked like a primrose. The idea of going back without getting what she had come for was a dreadful one. Now her desire seemed to be within her reach! There were a good many bushes between the spot where she was standing, and that where the flowers were to be seen, but what did that matter? A scramble would not signify after all she had gone through:—and if the fairies were really there! So off started Lily again, right through the bushes—thrusting the stiff, leafless twigs aside—setting her feet bravely on the brambles—paying no heed to the gathering darkness: and her trouble was rewarded. After a good deal of pushing and fighting her way, she saw before her a bare space of ground on which grew some primrose plants, with their sweet bright blossoms beaming in the twilight.

"Ah! fairies, I have caught you," cried out Lily, joyfully, as she scrambled through the last bush, and stretched out her hand towards her treasure: "Aunt Cecy shall be cured now!"

She gathered the precious flowers eagerly, buds and all, and put them hastily but carefully into her basket. Scarcely had she shut the top down upon them than she heard, as she fancied close behind her, rude voices and loud laughter; who *could* be there? Lily did not stay to think, but snatching up her hard-won prize, turned and pushed her way back through the bushes as fast as her trembling little legs would let her, imagining nothing less than that three or four men were running after her. Luckily, she found her way back into the main path of the wood without much difficulty; and there she came upon the cause of her terror in the persons of two or three boys who were standing cutting switches from the bushes.

"Hullo, young 'un," called out one of them as soon as he perceived the child; "what are you after at this time of night?"

"What'll you take for your basket—eh?" added another in a jocose tone.

Now Lily had a deep horror of "rude boys:" they were bad enough even in broad daylight, with nurse's protecting hand to cling to; but here, in this wood, in the dim light, what they might do to her was too dreadful to be contemplated: suppose they should really take her basket from her, or even knock her down? Grasping the handle of her treasure tighter than ever, and giving a little gasp of terror, the frightened child shot down the path like an arrow, and climbed the stile at the bottom almost without knowing what she was doing. Once on the other side, the first thing she did was to open her basket and look to see if her flowers were safe. Alas! in running so fast, she had loosened the cover, and let nearly all the blossoms fall out! There was but one little bud and a leaf left.

Well! thought brave little Lily to herself, there must be a fairy in a bud as well as in a flower; and she never doubted but that one fairy would cure her Aunt as well as a dozen. She would take care of this bud at any rate; so she held the cover down tight as she walked slowly up the steep meadow, forgetting the existence of the cow:—quite tired out with her exertions and her many frights, poor little woman! Once up the field, across the path, back through their own field and yard, and the garden gate was before her. She felt that all her troubles were over now; and her spirits rose as she thought of the bright smile and kiss which she should get from Aunt Cecy when she heard what her little niece had done for her. As she opened the garden gate she almost knocked against somebody who was coming through. It was her nursemaid, who called out as she saw her.

"Is that you, Miss Lily? Law, what a fright you have given us, to be sure! you naughty child! where *have* you been?"

Without waiting for an answer, Sarah caught hold of Lily's hand, and giving her an angry little shake, set

off running with her towards the house. Lily burst into tears.

"Oh, Sarah!" she sobbed, "you've upset my fairy! let me go—let me go—I must look for her!"

"Let you go, Miss? No, indeed, we've had trouble enough already, looking for you; come along in, and don't talk nonsense!" and poor Lily was dragged indoors, in spite of her passionate sobs and struggles.

In the hall she met her mother, who held out her arms to her, asking anxiously: "My dear child, where *have* you been?"

Lily sprang from Sarah to her mother, and clung tightly to her sobbing out:

"Oh, mamma, mamma! She has upset my flower—my fairy that I fetched for Aunt Cecy! Tell her to go and pick it up."

"My darling, what do you mean?" asked her astonished mother. "Come with me and tell me all about it."

But Lily would do nothing but sob, and would reply to all questions only, "My flower, my flower!" or "Poor Aunt Cecy," with some story about "hope," till both mother and nurse—who was called to the rescue—got quite bewildered; and at last nurse proposed that she should go to her Aunt, and see whether *she* could make out what the child meant.

So Lily was taken up to the room which she had been shut out of for so many days; and there she saw Aunt Cecy lying on a sofa by the fire in a pretty white dressing-gown.

"What, my little darling, is that you?" she said.

Lily sprang from her nurses side, and running straight across the room up to her Aunt, threw herself into the kind arms held out to her, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Aunt Cecy—dear Aunt Cecy," she cried, "I got the flowers—indeed I did! all alone—and it was dark—and the boys made me drop some! but I kept one till I got to the gate, and then Sarah dropped it, and now I've got no hope to cure you with after all!"

"No hope, dear? what do you mean?" asked Aunt Cecilia, quite puzzled at first.

"You know, Aunt Cecy—the Hope Fairy! Mamma

said Hope would be nearly sure to cure you: and you know you said, if one went *quite* alone and in the dark to gather the primroses, the fairies *must* come. So I thought I would cure you, and I went to fetch them, and now they're all gone!"

Poor Lily burst out into tears again: but her Aunt understood all about it now.

"My darling child!" she said, holding her little niece tightly to her, and kissing her over and over again. "Did you really go into the wood to fetch the fairies to cure me? How foolish I have been to let you believe it all! But you needn't be unhappy, dear Lily for Hope has come, though you couldn't bring her. She came in a letter while you were out this afternoon."

"Did she? Oh, how?" cried Lily, raising her face and stopping her tears to listen.

"I will tell you all about it, darling; but first you must have some tea, and then you shall lie down comfortably by me."

So Lily sat up, as happy as a queen, her troubles all forgotten in the joy of seeing Aunt Cecy again, and had tea on a little table by the bedroom fire, And when it was over she came and lay down by her Aunt, and heard all about the letter that had come that afternoon to tell them how the ship which Uncle Edward was coming home in, and which they had feared was lost, was now known to be safe; and how they hoped to see Uncle Edward himself soon. Lily did not care much about seeing her Uncle, but she was pleased with anything that could make her Aunt look so glad; and bye-and-bye she went off to sleep in her arms, with a happy smile on her tired little face.

When Uncle Edward *did* come home at last, however, she found that he was very nearly, if not quite, as delightful as Aunt Cecilia herself. And as for Uncle Edward, you may suppose that he did not love his little niece any the less when he heard the story—which Aunt Cecy was not long before she told him—of her brave journey in search of the Hope Fairy, and of the love which had given the gentle child courage to face so many terrors for the sake of his wife when she was ill and in trouble.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

(1568-1591.)

By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

In a time of terrible wars, when the passions excited by the false Reformation were still at red heat, but while the effects of the true Reform were making themselves felt throughout Europe; when St. Pius V. was in the Chair of Peter, and Elizabeth was reigning in England, St. Aloysius was born in his ancestral castle at Castiglione in Lombardy, on March 9th, 1568.

Don Ferrante, his father, was not only Marquis by title but also the sovereign of his little state. He was besides a gallant soldier.

Aloysius was his eldest child. Our Saint's mother, a lady of high family in Piedmont, had met her husband at the Court of Madrid, when she was maid of honour to the Queen Isabel, who had brought her in her train on coming from France.

The Gonzagas of Castiglione were a junior branch of the historic family which had made so great a name for itself. By inter-marriages they were connected with many of the reigning sovereigns of Europe—the Hohenzollerns, the Bourbons, the D'Estes, the house of Aragon, the Guises, the Medici, and all the chief families of Christendom; and Aloysius was himself related to some twenty Cardinals.

The rival powers of France and Spain had made Lombardy in those days a battlefield of their jealousies. Open wars or secret intrigues had necessarily demora-

lized the peoples of those lands. The Gonzagas held high positions in the service of Spain and Germany, and were famous alike in court and in camp, and not less so in the field of arts and letters. But the taint of the times was on them, and their domestic history bears traces of wild ambitions and strong passions such as were stirring in those days of struggle and contest.

The birth of St. Aloysius was attended with such danger to the mother and child alike, that she vowed a pilgrimage to Loreto, and the babe was baptized almost before it was born.

There seems to have been a special grace about the child from his earliest days, and the mother, who was very pious, and who longed above everything to foster a like spirit in her baby boy, was delighted to notice his fondness for prayer. But the father's pride was to bring up his son to be a soldier like himself, and as he had to drill a large muster of troops enlisted in the service of the Emperor Charles V. for the expedition of Don John of Austria to Tunis, he took Aloysius away with him, though not then five years old, to the camp. There he was delighted to see his little son marching in the front rank at the reviews in a suit of light armour, and with a diminutive pike upon his shoulder.

Aloysius thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing, and showed a daring that delighted, though it now and again alarmed, his father. He burnt his face one day while firing off a musket: and on another occasion, at the time of the mid-day siesta, he took some powder from a soldier's pouch, and actually loaded and discharged a small field-piece. The report startled the whole camp from its afternoon sleep, and he was very nearly run over by the recoil of the gun.

When the Marquis marched away with his troops, Aloysius was sent home, and it was soon found that the child had picked up from the soldiers a coarse expression of which he did not know the meaning, but by which, on being reprimanded by his tutor, he was so horrified that even when accusing himself in subsequent confessions of the fault, he could not bring himself to repeat the word. This and the theft of the powder were subjects of his life-long repentance, the only

faults of any gravity of which he could accuse himself.

About the age of seven, when reason dawned more fully on his mind, such a wonderful and spiritual light came to his soul, with so clear an understanding of the things of God, that he ever spoke of that time as the period of his conversion. Nor in fact did he ever look back in his swift ascent to perfection. He began each day to say long prayers, of which the Gradual and Penitential Psalms were but a part; and even when he got one of the wretched fevers, so common in the Lombard plain, he would not abandon this pious practice.

When the valour of Don John of Austria had won the day at Tunis, in 1573, Don Ferrante came back to Europe; but he stayed two years at the Court of Spain. On his return home, he found Aloysius completely changed and given up to holy thoughts. The first symptoms had already shown themselves of that terrible scourge of the plague, which during the following year was to devastate Milan, and thus to call forth the devotion of St. Charles Borromeo. The Marquis determined to seek shelter in the deep valleys and richly-wooded hill-sides of the Baths of Lucca. He hoped also there to find relief from gout, as he was a great sufferer, and to leave his sons, Aloysius and Rudolph, at Florence, to acquire the exquisite accent for which that cultured city was so famous. The Grand Duke would have taken the two boys into his palace, no school of virtue at that time; so their father pleaded that he was anxious they should attend to their studies, and only consented that they should go to Court on Sundays and holidays. At the palace, St Aloysius had, among his playmates, Mary de' Medici, the future Queen and Regent of France. He had to join in their sports and amusements, but he much preferred to build up and decorate little altars out of devotion.

Florence was always dear to our Saint, and he ever after looked upon that bright city as the cradle of his spiritual life. He had come across a book by a Spanish Jesuit, a work familiar in old days to the persecuted Catholics of England, on the Rosary. It filled his young heart with a high idea of that precious devotion,

and taught him to know and to love better our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. In the Church of the Servite Fathers is an ancient painting of the Annunciation, and tradition tells us that an Angel finished the head of our Lady, which it had baffled the skill of the artist to complete. This shrine was an object of much devotion, and Aloysius, who lived not far off, loved to pray before it. Once, while at his devotions, St. Aloysius was moved to dedicate his virginity to God by vow, and from that moment he became more like an angel than a man, and never was troubled in mind or body by a shadow of those wild storms which are the heritage of man's fallen nature. The Roman tribunal which examined his case for canonization declared that his innocence was not only rare, but that no like case was recorded.

At his first confession to a Jesuit Father at Florence, Aloysius was so filled with shame at the sight of his sins, and with reverence to the minister of so mighty a grace, that he fainted at the feet of his director, and his tutor had to lead him home dazed and confused. He returned the following day, and made what he called a general confession, and from that time began seriously and steadily to study the defects of his character, with a view to correcting them. He felt the chief source of his faults to be his hot temper and an inclination to speak unkindly of others. But he bridled his strong character with so firm a hand that he never after felt any rebellion, except perhaps when he chanced to be praised. In order to forestall faults of the tongue, he withdrew as far as possible from society, and though never morose, became as silent as a Carthusian.

After two years at his beloved Florence, Aloysius and his brother were summoned to the court of his relative the Duke of Mantua. Here a troublesome and dangerous illness obliged him to diet himself very strictly, and he learned to love at that early age a fast worthy of the Fathers of the desert. When his ailment had departed, he still insisted on continuing an abstinence which seemed to leave little room for his stricter fasts on several days during the week. Meanwhile the thought of leaving the world was taking

clearer shape in his mind, and he fully determined to assign to his younger brother, the headstrong Rudolph, the heirship of his ancestral states. Aloysius kept away from theatricals and fêtes of the Court, and found his delight in reading the Lives of the Saints, by Surio, or talking with holy people whose thoughts ran in the same channel as his own. But his father heard how feeble and thin his son had grown, and sent for him to the bracing and breezy heights of the Castle of Castiglione. It looked down on the spacious precincts of the town, with its open spaces and many gardens and over the intervening hills to the lovely Lake of Garda, 'the bluest of all waters.'

The Marquis was indignant with the boy's tutor at the state of his son, but he found that neither he nor even the fond mother could make the child alter his ways. On the contrary, God drew him nearer to Himself. Hitherto St. Aloysius had only employed vocal prayer. Now, without human teaching, he learnt the method of meditation. He seemed unable to withdraw himself from its attraction. He spent the greater part of his day shut up in his room; and when the servants peered through the chinks of the door to see what their young master was doing, they saw him on his knees with his eyes fixed on a crucifix, his arms outstretched or crossed on his breast, while he sighed and sobbed as if he had been standing on Calvary, and was witnessing the tortures and death of his Lord and Love. His tears were so constant that not only were his clothes wet by them, but they flowed down on the floor. Even when going about the house he was continually absorbed in prayer.

Just at this time B. Peter Canisius' little work of *Daily Meditations*, which had been published a year or two before in Mantua, fell into his hands, and taught him the time he ought to spend in mental prayer, giving him valuable hints as to how to practise it. He came across another work also, the "Letters from India," three series of which had appeared in Venice. Like our *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, it gave the reports of the progress of the Church by the missions of the Society of Jesus in India and America. It fired

him with a desire to do what he could for souls. He used to frequent the Sunday-school, and there to help to teach the little ones and the ignorant among his father's vassals.

God and the things of God were the only topics of which he cared to speak. Once when his mother took him on a visit to the widowed Duchess of Milan, whose beautiful portrait by Holbein adorns the collection of the Duke of Norfolk, the attendants were amazed at the heavenly wisdom of his remarks, for, as they said, if they had not seen him, they would have thought it was an old man that was speaking.

This year 1580 was specially blessed, because the holy Archbishop of Milan, St. Charles, in making a visitation of the dioceses of his suffragans, came and stopped at Castiglione.

The Cardinal refused the hospitality of the Castle and stayed with the parish priest. There St. Aloysius went to see him, and the two saints soon understood one another. St. Charles found the boy had not, though twelve years old, made his first Communion, and seeing how fit he was, asked to have the privilege to give It to him with his own hands. This he did on July 22. We have no record of the fervour with which the Saint received his Divine Guest, but his devotion to the Mystery of Love ever after tells us how great it must have been. St. Charles bade St. Aloysius farewell with a fatherly and fervent blessing. He had recommended strongly to our Saint the Catechism of the Council of Trent, which had then but lately appeared, and St. Aloysius became so fond of the solid and beautiful instructions it contains that he spoke of it in turn to others.

Shortly after, the Marquis, who was at his post at Montferrato, as Governor for the Duke of Mantua, ordered his wife to come and join him with the two boys. As St. Aloysius and Rudolph were crossing a ford of the river Ticino in a flood, the carriage, one of the clumsy vehicles of the period, broke in two, and while the horses dragged the front part safe to shore with Rudolph who was seated in it, the back part with our Saint and his tutor was swept down the stream. It

was providentially stopped by the trunk of a tree, which the torrent had brought down, and drenched and half dead the two were rescued in succession by a man on horseback, who got them off safe. It was at Montferrato, in company with the Barnabite Fathers and the Capuchins, his constant companions, that St. Aloysius's resolve about religious life was finally made. He envied them their freedom from the ties of the world. their joyful hearts, their entire devotion to God and their indifference whether to live or to die. People noticed how more than usually absorbed and abstracted he had become, and his religious friends read in his face what was going on in his mind.

On his way to Castiglione, in 1581, St. Aloysius continued with more rigour than ever his life of penance and prayer. The love of our Lord, as it always does when it is genuine, made him unwilling to live in comfort and without pain. He shunned the bright charcoal fires in the braziers, which are the sole defence against the sharp winter beneath the frozen Alps. Even if forced out of civility to approach, he took care not to enjoy the warmth, and his hands were chapped by the severe cold. When his father took him to see a great review at Milan, he went into a back seat and turned his eyes from the brilliant sight.

Surely it was his full knowledge of the fierce blood of a Gonzaga which coursed in his veins, of the perils of the luxurious world in which he had moved from childhood which led him to practise the terrible austerities which shock the ease-loving times in which we live.

In the autumn, Mary of Austria, the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and widow of the Emperor Maximilian, was returning to her beloved country, and her royal father ordered the princes and nobility of Italy, who were his subjects, to accompany her. Leaving their younger children behind, the Marquis and Marchioness of Castiglione, with Aloysius, Rudolph, and their only daughter, went to meet the imperial party as far as Trent, and accompanied them by Genoa and Marseilles. There our Saint honoured the relics of St. Mary Magdalen.

The Empress and her suite took ship at Marseilles, and landed at Collioura on the Spanish coast. They went across the country to the mountain sanctuary of Our Lady of Montserrat, and to her other shrine almost as famous,—that of "The Pillar" at Saragossa.

At Madrid St. Aloysius and his brother Rudolph were installed in the palace as pages of honour to the boy prince Diego, heir to all the Spains. Under the guidance of his tutor, St. Aloysius pursued his philosophical studies, natural science, the globes, logic, and the ethics of that marvellous but eccentric genius, Raymond Lull. Aloysius happened to pass through Alcalá when a *public act* or defension of theology was going on under the celebrated Jesuit theologian, Father Gabriel Vasquez, and though but fifteen or sixteen years of age, our Saint was invited to object. He did so with such skill as to give promise of a brilliant future.

But neither the charms of study, nor the splendour of a court, the most punctilious and magnificent in Europe, consoled Aloysius for the inroads made on time which he would have liked to give entirely to God. He found his devotions somewhat chilled by his absorbing duties, and he resolved, without neglecting what he was bound to do, to draw a sharp and definite line, beyond which nothing but absolute duty should compel him to go. He refused to make any calls of mere ceremony, and would neither learn to dance, nor practise gymnastics like his younger brother. He kept so strict a guard over his eyes that though every day that the Empress Mary was in Madrid at the royal Convent of the Discalced Franciscans—she stayed some twenty days in the capital—he accompanied the Infante to make her a formal visit, he never once looked at her, and did not know whether her hair was dark or grey, nor could he have recognized her again. The nobles and gentlemen of the court respected his presence, and never ventured on a light word when he was near. "The little Marquis of Castiglione," they used to say, "is not made of flesh and blood."

The young prince Diego was once standing at a window, and a violent wind annoyed him. "Stop,

wind," he pettishly cried, "and do not bother me!" St. Aloysius playfully yet seriously reminded his young master that though he was lord of men, he was "not lord of the wind, which owned no master but their common Creator." But in spite of all Aloysius' gravity and dislike of state or of amusement, the Prince was still very fond of his monitor.

The Saint, faithful to his resolve, gave himself up with new fervour to his prayers and austerities. A fresh reason made him redouble his endeavours and his supplications. Steadily the conviction had been growing upon him that God wished him to leave the world entirely. Now it had come merely to the question as to what Order to enter. The Society of Jesus had a special attraction for him, because it seemed to bar the way to any ecclesiastical dignities. He was naturally drawn to a life of retirement and external austerity; but his mother assured him that his health would be sure to sink under it and he would be forced to give up the dearest wish of his life.

On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1583, for which he had prepared with special fervour, he was praying after Holy Communion in the chapel of our Lady in the great church of the Jesuits at Madrid, now called San Isidro, when suddenly a distinct voice came to him, bidding him enter into the Society of Jesus, and telling him to inform his confessor as soon as possible of what had occurred. That feast is a day specially sacred to the Society, as upon it the first vows of St. Ignatius and his companions were made at Montmartre, and upon it too St. Stanislaus went to his reward in the very year of St. Aloysius' birth. St. Aloysius hastened to his confessor, Father Paterno. The Father was no doubt well aware of his fitness, and that his calm judgement protected him from delusion. He told him however that he must necessarily first receive his father's approval before he could be received. St. Aloysius went to break the news to his mother. She took his side earnestly, and pleaded his cause so strongly with her husband, who was furious at the announcement, that he suspected her of favouring Rudolph and of wishing to supplant Aloysius in the marquisate.

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When his son came himself to speak to Don Ferrante on his own part, the Marquis broke into a violent passion and drove him out of his sight. He even threatened to have him stripped and flogged for his audacity. St. Aloysius' only reply was: "Would that I could have the privilege to suffer something for God!" Don Ferrante sent for Paterno, and vented his rage upon him, accusing him roundly of putting this idea into his son's head, upon whom were centred all the hopes of his family and of his states. The Father succeeded in calming the Marquis, and showed him that the boy's life was quite enough to tell anyone which way his thoughts were tending. The Marquis avowed that he would not have made such strong objections to his entering any other Order, because his son could by that means have obtained some dignity in the Church fitting his high birth. But as St. Aloysius assured his father, this was just the very thing he sought to avoid.

It was a weary and long struggle for the Saint. This however winnowed his vocation, and left it pure from any imperfect motive. It proved that it came directly and entirely from God. His father tried to persuade himself that it was a mere passing fancy, and that in opposing his son's wishes he was not opposing the will of God. The little prince Diego had died of small-pox and so Aloysius was now free; but his father, anxious to delay, promised him through his cousin, the Father General of the Friar Minors of the Observance, that he would be at liberty to follow his call, if he would return with him to Italy. People at the Court imagined that the whole thing was but a mere scheme of St. Aloysius to scare his father from gambling, a pursuit by which he was impoverishing himself; and they praised the young man's tact.

As the Gonzagas were sailing on their return voyage along the coast of Southern France there was an alarm of Turkish pirates, and they were chased by the Bey of Algiers to the very port of Marseilles. St. Aloysius at once exclaimed, "Would that we might be martyred!"

In the July of 1584, St. Aloysius was back again in Castiglione, and hoped soon to be released. But his father said he must first go on a tour of visits to the

princes of Northern Italy with his brother Rudolph. He hoped that a life among brilliant courts would give his son new tastes, and would wean him from his design. But though our Saint won the affection and esteem of all, he only showed more than ever how fixed was his heart in its love of higher things, and in contempt of all the brave gaieties of Florence and Ferrara. He would not even put on the splendid clothes, all heavy with gold embroidery, which the Marquis had ordered for him to appear in before the royal Duchess Ann of Austria, Infanta of Spain, and wife of the reigning Duke of Savoy. Rudolph had to wear them in his place, and they suited well his fine figure. The journey was spent by St. Aloysius like a pious pilgrimage, in spite of the almost royal honours with which he was received, and of the number of attendants who accompanied him. He found his chief delight in the houses of the Society, paying there always his first visit to his Sacramental Lord. He never omitted either his fasts or exercises of devotion; and at night if he had to stay at an inn, he shut himself up in a room, and before an improvised cross, which he drew with a morsel of charcoal on a piece of paper, he spent a good hour and a half in prayer.

At a house of the relatives of his mother at Turin, an old gentleman dared to begin in presence of St. Aloysius a loose conversation with a number of young men that were there. "How dare you, an aged man of your station of life, speak of such things to these young gentlemen? This is a scandal and evil example," exclaimed the Saint, as he turned on his heel; and taking up a religious book, he went into a room some way off, to show his displeasure.

Another time, when invited to an uncle's house at Chieri in Piedmont, he found a ball had been got up in his honour. He could hardly stay away under the circumstances, but he went into the ball-room upon the express condition that he should not be asked to dance. However he had hardly sat down when a lady came up to him to invite him to be her partner. Aloysius at once rose and left the hall. Some time after, his uncle, who could not find him anywhere, chanced to pass

through one of the servants' rooms, and there he noticed his nephew, hidden between the bed and the wall, absorbed in prayer. On his return to Castiglione, Don Ferrante only made fresh endeavours to turn St. Aloysius from his resolve. Everyone of weight and influence, relatives and strangers, priests and laymen, whom Don Ferrante could enlist in the work, were employed by him, but in vain, to shake his vocation. Aloysius' only weapon was renewed prayer and increased penance.

At last the chance sight of his son disciplining himself to blood wrung a tardy consent from his father, and Aloysius at once used every effort to procure from the Emperor, on whom his states depended, the necessary transfer of the fief to his brother. Meanwhile he went to Milan on some business for his father, who was unable through the gout to see after his affairs. There he astonished everyone by his aptitude and skill. At the same time, he pursued his studies, and used to go to the Jesuit College to attend lectures on science, dressed simply in a cloak, without even a sword, the obligatory mark of gentle birth in those days. In a grand cavalcade during the Carnival, in which all the young men of fashion took part on valuable horses richly caparisoned, accompanied by a large number of attendants, to show how utterly he had given up the world and how he contemned it, he rode through the street where the procession was passing on a miserable old mule and followed by only two servants.

When awaiting orders to return home, his father quite unexpectedly arrived one day in Milan, and, as a last resource, he begged Father Achilles Gagliardi, a Jesuit of great name and the friend of St. Charles Borromeo, to test the vocation of his son. This the Father consented to do, as the Marquis promised him to stand by his decision. His arguments were so powerful and apparently so genuine that Aloysius was somewhat disturbed, for it seemed to him that Gagliardi, whose opinion he so much valued, was opposed to his entering the Society. However our saint answered so wisely, and so thoroughly, that even his father was forced to admit that the vocation was a true one.

But still the day was not won. Before returning to Castiglione, Aloysius sought strength and light in a retreat at the Jesuit College at Mantua. When he came home he led the life of a solitary in the castle, so strict was his silence, so severe his fasts, so rigorous his penances. His only director was his fervour, and one of the arguments his mother used to induce the Marquis to give his consent that Aloysius might be allowed to enter religion, was that he would be there protected from his own indiscretion, and his life prolonged; for he had grown so weak that he could hardly stand.

But the Marquis, in answer to the Saint's fresh request, told him plainly that he never would give his consent until his son was twenty-five, and that if he chose to go without his leave, go he might, but he would cease to own him as his son. This was a crushing blow to St. Aloysius; and his first thought was to write to the Father General of the Society and ask his advice. But Don Ferrante pressed him so hard for a reply that he had to act on the spur of the moment. He told his father accordingly that he consented to the delay, but only on two conditions, that he should spend the interval in Rome, and that the Marquis should write to the General at once and declare that he had given his consent. St. Aloysius himself wrote a letter to Father Acquaviva, the General of the Society, to tell him what he had done. That Father could sympathize with the young man, for he himself had left high place to enter the Order. Meanwhile arrangements were being made for the Saint's stay in Rome, in a position fitting his high rank. He openly lamented to his intimate friends that he had not been born a simple peasant boy, for then he would have met with no difficulties, if anxious to become a religious. Suddenly, in the midst of his earnest prayers, Aloysius felt an impulse which he could not resist. He followed it, and entering the room of his father, who was confined to bed with the gout, said to him with the greatest firmness: "Father, I leave myself entirely in your hands, you can do what you like with me; but I tell you positively that God has called me to the Society of Jesus, and in resisting my wishes you are resisting the

will of God." Then he left the room without another word.

The Marquis turned his face to the wall, and broke out into such a fit of grief that his sobs and cries could be heard outside. He sent for St. Aloysius. "My son," he said, "you have stabbed me to my heart, for I love you and have always loved you, as you indeed deserve. In you I have put all my hopes and those of our family. But as God calls you, I do not wish to keep you. Go where you please, and I give you my blessing."

St. Aloysius thanked his father, and escaped from the room lest he should increase his grief. He hurried to throw himself on his knees, and thank God for this favour so long delayed. The news soon spread through the town, and all were deeply grieved to lose their good young master. Some ventured to press him to stay and be their prince. "I want," he answered, "to be a prince in Heaven. It is hard for a sovereign to save his soul." As the carriage bore him off to Mantua, the poor people filled the air with loud laments over their loss.

There was weary waiting yet. His mother was at the court of the newly wedded Duchess of Savoy, and all the possible heirs expectant to the Marquisate were, by order of the Emperor, to be present at the solemn renunciation. An additional difficulty was, that by the deed, the Marquis had settled a sum of money on St. Aloysius for his own private use. But this was contrary to the rule of St. Ignatius, and, for fear of invalidating the whole, fresh changes had to be made.

At last, on All Souls' day, 1585, in the vast palace of the Gonzagas, in a hall then bright with the paintings of Mantegna, a brilliant family gathering were listening to the long document which transferred the succession irrevocably from Aloysius to his young and hot-blooded brother. Don Ferrante was in tears the whole time, while Aloysius was full of joy. As he signed this act of renunciation, he said to Rudolph, who could not conceal his boyish delight, "Well, brother, which of us is the more pleased? I am sure that it is I."

Next day, he bade good bye to his father and mother, and on his knees begged reverently their blessing, but his heart was too full of joy for any grief to show itself

in his face: and on the fourth of November he set out for Rome with a suite of attendants which his father had provided for him. Rudolph went with him as far as the riverside; there they parted, and Aloysius took boat for Ferrara.

Rumour had gone before as to what he was and what his errand, and the crowds of pilgrims gazed at the young prince, who had made so hard a fight to be poor with Christ. The journey was to him one long prayer, sweetened by penance. At the early dawn, before starting, he made a brief meditation and next recited the day hours of the Divine Office with his chaplain, and the *Itinerarium* or prayers for travellers. He then mounted, and rode on alone, absorbed in thoughts of God, and if ever he called the priest to his side it was only to talk to him on holy things. While the horses baited, he broke his fast, and then said Vespers and Complin, and mounted again. His mind flew off to the rigorous life he hoped to spend in religion, and to lands where dangers and death awaited him in his zeal for souls. Did England and the gibbet of Tyburn come before his mind? It was then ennobled with fresh martyrs' blood.

When the evening came on sharp and cold he would never warm himself at the inn fireside, but spent two hours in prayer, and scourged himself as was his wont. After this he said Matins and Lauds; and only then came down to partake of a very poor supper. But for the prohibition of his confessor, he would have continued his regular and constant fasts.

Towards the close of November, Rome appeared to the travellers, not crowned as now by the mighty dome, but suggestive as ever of the devout thoughts which it recalls to the pious millions who have trodden its sacred soil. The party went to the house of the then Patriarch of Jerusalem, Scipio Gonzaga.

After a short rest, St. Aloysius hastened to the old house, then standing in all its poverty, wherein St. Ignatius and his first companions had lived, and where the holy founder, B. Peter Favre, and St. Francis Borgia had died. Father Acquaviva came down to meet him in the garden, and the Saint threw himself at his

feet and renewed the offering of himself. The General raised him up, and kissed him affectionately on the forehead.

On Saturday, November 23, St. Aloysius went to an audience of the Holy Father. As he was waiting in the ante-chamber a crowd of courtiers gathered round him and looked with wonder upon one who turned his back upon wealth and honours. Pope Sixtus V. asked Aloysius if he had weighed well the difficulties and wearisomeness of a religious life, but when the Saint had told him that he had considered the matter thoroughly and for a long time, the Pontiff encouraged him to persevere, and gave him a hearty blessing.

On Monday, the feast of St. Catherine, the Saint with his attendants went up the Quirinal hill to the noviciate of Sant' Andrea, then fresh with the memories of St. Stanislaus. At the door, St. Aloysius bade goodbye to his faithful household, giving them a message to his father and mother. "What shall we say to Rudolph?" they asked. "He who fears God will do good," were the Saint's well-timed words. The Patriarch stayed to say Mass and give Holy Communion to his dear relative, and then remained to dine with Father General, who had come there to meet them. When all the guests were gone, and St. Aloysius was led to the room where he was to spend in solitude the first days of his religious life, he burst out into those fitting words: "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." He then went on his knees and thanked God for the grace which had come at last, and St. Catherine's feast was ever after a marked day in his calendar.

In the early days of his religious life, his father died, and died too, as he had lived since his son's entry into religion, a most exemplary and edifying life. Aloysius, though he wrote a letter of condolence to his mother, so mastered his grief that it seemed as if he had forgotten his father and his father's house.

His novice-master at Sant' Andrea, as at the Gesù, was a man of very signal virtue. To him he unveiled his whole heart, and the very simplicity and humility of Aloysius only made the Father reverence him the

more deeply. It fell out that this superior's health broke down, and to save his life the doctors ordered him to be carried in a litter to Naples, and three of the weakest novices were ordered to keep him company. Of these was George Elphinstone, of good Scottish family, whose uncle had died a saintly death but a short time before as a novice in the Society at Naples; St. Aloysius was another, and as he was the weakest, Father Pescatore, the novice-master, would have him with him in his litter. The Saint tried to evade the luxury, but when ordered to accept it, was delighted to be privileged with the company of one so holy and so learned in the science of the soul, and as the Father poured out rich seed of spiritual knowledge on so well prepared a soil, Aloysius owned that he learnt more in that journey than in all the noviciate together.

At Naples he had for his companion the blessed martyr Charles Spinola, who was to give his life so gloriously for God in far-off Japan, and the memory of St. Aloysius was fresh in his mind during the horrors of his terrible prison at Omura. At Naples as at Rome a thirst for lowliness and suffering was the conspicuous characteristic of the Saint, and God chose to allow him to suffer some unintentional neglect during a long and dangerous attack of erysipelas. He was as radiant and joyous under it as always.

Another six months saw St. Aloysius back in Rome, but this time in the great Roman College, then fresh from the hands of its magnificent builder, Gregory XIII. It was at that time, as it has been with some sad intervals till the taking of Rome in 1870, a sort of Catholic University, where the students of the national colleges, gathered under the shadow of the Vatican, drank in theology at its fountain-head. There came the new recruits for England's conversion, the future martyrs and confessors and controversialists, to whom the venerable College of St. Thomas of the English gave, thanks to the generosity of the Roman Pontiff, what was refused to them at Oxford and Cambridge. And in the lecture rooms of the Roman College no less than ten, who were to witness by their blood on English scaffolds to the faith delivered by St. Augus-

tine, sat for some time by the side of St. Aloysius.* With them was Matthew Kellison, who for twenty-eight years was president of the English College of Douay; Father Blount, the first Provincial of the English Province of the Society, and the well-known Father John Gerard, S.J.

St. Aloysius now began, at the age of nineteen, his final studies of theology, the queen and mistress of all others. Hardly could he have been under better auspices, for Suarez, Vasquez, and Azor were among his professors. Those who knew him best said that he was to them a loving picture of what St. Thomas of Aquin must have been when young. His piercing intellect, his brilliant memory, his docile respect for his professors' views, his horror of eccentric opinions, were the least remarkable points of the likeness. His burning ardour in prayer, his strict fidelity to his spiritual duties, the constant union of his heart and thoughts with God, his genuine contempt of himself, were still closer traits of resemblance; and above all, the marvellous purity of his soul. So intimate was his union with God, that when asked by his superior, St. Aloysius was forced to own that for six months, the period which the question regarded, the length of all his distractions together would not amount to the space of a *Hail Mary*. And his prayer only made him more ready to oblige, ever gay and joyful at recreation, though his talk was always of God, ever at the service of any and of all, always anxious to bear another's burden, to serve the sick, and poor in the hospitals, or the cook in the College kitchen, and never more pleased than when in poor and old clothes, engaged on lowly and distasteful work.

On St. Catherine's day, 1587, our Saint bound himself still closer to God by his first religious vows; and in the following year, on four successive Sundays, received the four Minor Orders in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. The surplice in which he is usually represented reminds us

* The Venerable Edward Oldcorne, S.J.; H. Roberts, O.S.B.; Christopher Buxton; Edward Duke; John Ingram; Eustace White; Edward Thwing; Thomas Tichborne; Joseph Lampton and John Thules.

of this. A martyr shared with him this fourfold privilege, the Maronite Abraham Giorgi, who, in 1605, gave his life for his God on the shores of the Red Sea.

But a rude interruption of our Saint's studies was soon to occur. He was resting for a few days from the heat and toils of Rome, with his companions on the green upland of Frascati, when Ven. Father Bellarmine was sent by the General to bid him to leave at once for Lombardy. His brother Rudolph had been deprived of his lawful succession to the castle and property of Solferino. His uncle Horace had left it away from him by will to the Duke of Mantua, in spite of imperial law, and the duke held it by right of might. The impetuous Marquis of Castiglione, impatient of all delay, was determined to try his quarrel by an appeal to arms, and the Duchess of Mantua and Lady Martha, the Marquis' mother, wrote to the Father General to beg him to send Aloysius, as the only hope of staying a fratricidal war.

In a quarter of an hour our Saint was on his way. He travelled in company with a lay brother, and though his delicate health and the urgency of the business required that he should go on horseback, he journeyed in as lowly a fashion as his superiors would allow. He inspired everyone with reverence; the very ostlers listened to his holy words, and revealed to him the secret of their souls, nor could they tear themselves away from him. Much against the wish of Aloysius,—his arrival at Castiglione had been announced beforehand,—he was welcomed by ringing of bells, by salutes of artillery, and still more by the loving reverence of prince and people; and he met with similar marks of honour from his uncle Alphonsus, in his town of Castel Goffredo. But he lived with the greatest simplicity in his mother's house, refusing to be treated otherwise than as a poor guest.

Though the Duke of Mantua had steeled his heart to any argument from others, one hour and a half of conversation with Aloysius made him come to terms and render up the castle of Solferino at once to the Marquis. And in a still more delicate affair our Saint was equally successful. Rudolph had fallen in love with a rich and

beautiful girl of his States, had carried her off to his castle, and married her there. But the marriage was kept a profound secret, as his uncle, Alphonsus, wished him to espouse his daughter. Rudolph feared, as the event proved, that if his uncle knew of the wedding he would try to transfer his fief from him, the lawful heir, to his own child. St. Aloysius, like the rest of the world, was ignorant of the marriage, and he implored his brother to put an end to a grave scandal. He pressed him so hard that he avowed his marriage. The Saint insisted further that, to remove the scandal, his brother was bound to make the marriage public. He gained even this point, and persuaded Alphonsus and the rest of the Gonzaga family to acknowledge the bride.

Meanwhile the Saint, to his joy, got back to religious life at the great College of the Society,—the Brera of Milan. There he was so fond of sweeping the corridors and dusting down the walls, when any person of distinction happened to go by, that to see Aloysius, broom in hand, was enough to show that some distinguished visitor was in the College. Yet among his own brethren so clearly did his talents and remarkable capacity for affairs shine forth that he was called the little General; and grave Fathers looked upon him as destined one day to hold high office in his Order. Those who knew best the secrets of his soul found that he had climbed to heights of holiness which are never even dreamt of but by a few.

There came to him while at the Brera a distinct intimation that the next year was to be his last, and that he must in consequence strive to give the finishing touches to his perfection. Just then arrived a letter from the Father General summoning him back to Rome. "If," he said in a letter, on receiving the news, "we have a fatherland on earth, I know of none but Rome." It was a time of terrible famine, of which thousands were dying in the cities and in the country. The horrors of want were increased by the plague of brigands, which burst forth as soon as the stern hand of Sixtus V. was relaxed by death. His companions on the road remarked to St. Aloysius how fortunate for them it was that they had not been born in poverty, and the Saint at once replied,

"How much more fortunate not to have been born among the Turks!"

After visiting the house of Saint Catherine, at Sienna, and approaching Holy Communion in her house, they set out with a large party, gathered together, no doubt, out of fear of the brigands. A storm broke over them and the river Paglia, which flowed beneath the hills, grew at once to so furious a torrent that some eighteen who attempted to pass were swept away down the stream. Suddenly a man was seen crossing at a spot where never ford was known to be. St. Aloysius urged them to pass over by that way. They did so and in safety; and as they did not meet with the man, they felt sure he must have been the guardian angel of our Saint.

On reaching Rome, St. Aloysius parted even with his theological notes, the one thing he had kept and cared for on earth; and he begged for a room which was so dark as never to have been tenanted before. There he lived more than ever abstracted from the things of earth. He used to say that he feared the dignity and responsibility of the priesthood, and would be glad if God would call him away while he was yet in His grace. His wish was soon to be granted. A fearful contagion, the child of famine, supervened, and Father Acquaviva opened a hospital for the poor and went to serve there himself. St. Aloysius volunteered for the work. Not content with going about the streets to beg for alms, and writing to his mother, and the Marquis, his brother for aid, he went into the thick of the work specially revolting as it was, and choosing by preference the most loathsome cases. He undressed, and washed the poor sufferers, put them to bed, brought them their food, and prepared them for death. He found one day on his way to the hospital, a poor wretch in filthy rags, lying on the ground, stricken by the plague. He raised him up, and gently and tenderly he led him to the hospital. The contagion struck the weary and worn youth, and on March 1st, 1591, he was forced to take to his bed, and within a week he received the last Sacraments, rejoicing that the foresight was verified, and that he was going to God.

His sufferings were to be prolonged as a source of

merit to himself and of example to all around. He bound himself by vow, if he did recover, to return to the plague-stricken. He sipped slowly the nauseous drugs given to him, nor did he ever speak to anyone of the terrible bed sores which he had contracted. Now and again he got up, but only to spend a long time in prayer at the foot of a crucifix, or to kneel, as when a child, between the bed and the wall.

An old Father was dying in another part of the house, who was deeply attached to St. Aloysius. He asked the infirmarian to bring the Saint to his bedside, and there he humbly begged him to give him his blessing. This St Aloysius stiffly refused, and the dying man was able only to extort from him a compromise. A few nights afterwards three times did old Fr. Corbinelli appear to St. Aloysius in his sleep. He strove to make light of these dreams, and even blamed himself for paying any heed to them. No one had told him the fact that the Father had died that night. But St. Aloysius had a firm conviction that the departed soul was with God; and he asked Father Bellarmine, his confessor, if there were any who went straight to heaven. The Father was not afraid to tell him, not only that some there are who do so, but that he thought that Aloysius himself would be one of those. In a rapture of delight, the Saint lay awake all that night full of the thoughts of Paradise. The time passed by as a moment, and it was revealed to him then that he would go to his reward on the octave of Corpus Christi.

The news of this revelation got about, and all his brethren were anxious to receive his parting words and to give him their commissions for heaven.

He would not hear a word, after he took to his bed, but of God and of the things of God. He was deeply grateful when anyone would say for him the Penitential Psalms while he gazed upon his crucifix, or if they would read to him some other psalms of his own choice, such as "I rejoice at the things that are said to me, I go into the house of the Lord," or prayers from St. Anselm or from St. Bernard.

He caused two letters to be written to his mother from his sick bed, and others to three of his special

friends in religion, one of whom was his former master of novices. When Father Vincent Bruno, who had charge of those who were ill, had told him that his end was near, he begged one of his brothers to join him in a hearty *Te Deum*. His latter hours seemed one long ecstacy, and he kept an indulgenced crucifix for the last three days tightly clasped to his heart.

The morning of the octave day had come, and brought no nearer sign of death, but St. Aloysius said quietly in reply to all good wishes, "I shall die to-night." The morning passed. All the time he had been rapt in prayer. During the day he begged for Viaticum, but the infirmarians rejoined that he had received it once, and it could not be repeated. The new Pope, Gregory XIII., was told of his state by his relations, and during the afternoon, he sent him his blessing. St. Aloysius was so confounded, in his humility, at this mark of honour, that he hid his face in his hands, and the Father who bore the message had to calm his trouble by saying that his Holiness must have heard of his illness by chance. In the evening, a Father and old friend of his came from Sant' Andrea, and the Saint begged him to intercede with the Rector that he might have the Viaticum. The favour was granted, and with a beaming face he prepared for It by saying the Litany of the Blessed Sacrament. Then his Lord came to give His faithful servant His last embrace. After his Communion, Aloysius bade a long good-bye to each and all present. Just then the Father Provincial arrived to see him; "How fares it, Brother Aloysius?" he playfully inquired. "We are going," was his reply. "And wither?" said the Father, "To Heaven." "To Heaven?" asked the Provincial. "If my sins do not stop me, I hope in God's mercy to go there," broke in the dying Saint. The Father turned to those around, and said in a low voice: "Just listen! He talks of going to Heaven as we should talk of going to Frascati."

As Father Cepari, his future biographer, was holding up his wearied head, that he might look upon the crucifix, the Saint took off his cap out of reverence to his Lord. Night fell and there was no sign of death, so only two or three were allowed to stay with him. One of those

was the future Cardinal Bellarmine. "Now, Father," said St. Aloysius at last, "it is time!" And they recited the prayers for a departing soul. But the infirmarian soon dismissed even Father Bellarmine, as he did not think his patient would die that night; and the Saint was left with but two Fathers.

Ever and anon a word or so of Holy Writ came from his lips, or he kissed the crucifix, while the Fathers suggested to him some holy thought. His pains increased, and he would fain have been moved, but his assistants feared to hasten his end, and encouraged him to drink bravely the last dregs of the cup. He gazed hard at the cross, and seemed to gather from that look strength to bear and to conquer. Then his speech failed him, and they placed in his chilled hands the lighted candle, the beautiful figure of constant faith; and as he fixed his eyes on the Crucifix, and strove to utter the Holy Name, he quietly passed to his reward.

It was between nine and ten on the night of the 20th June, the first Vespers of the first Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, the future feast day of the Sacred Heart, and, in the Church's reckoning, the 21st. The Saint's body, glorified by many miracles, lay some time in a humble tomb in the "Church of the Annunciation" of the Roman College. St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, while in a rapture, proclaimed his glory in heaven.

God quickly honoured His servant. Paul V., in 1605, declared him Blessed, and his sepulchre was made glorious in the new church of St Ignatius at Rome. In 1726, Benedict XIII. canonized him on the same day as his brother in religion, St Stanislaus Kostka, and declared him to be the patron and pattern of all young students. And now, with St John Berchmans, they form a *triplex funis*, a triple cord, to guard our young against the threefold snare of the World, of the Flesh and the Devil.

The Catholic Church.

By the Very Rev. Canon Gildea, D.D.

There are many religious societies, each of which claims to be the true Church of Christ. But Christ did not found many Churches and many Religions. He founded only one Church and one Religion. All these religious societies then, are, with a single exception, frauds and impostures. Only one of them is, or can be, the true Church of Christ. Which Church is that?

The inquiry is an important one. No more important inquiry could challenge the attention and the interest of man. It is an inquiry which concerns the highest truth which can be known by man in this mortal life. It is an altogether indispensable inquiry, for "outside the true Church there is no salvation."

How shall we discover this true Church? Clearly it *is* discoverable. If it be, as it is, the divinely appointed way of salvation, there must be some means by which we can recognize it What then are these means?

How do we prove anything to be the genuine article and not a spurious counterfeit? By showing that it possesses the properties of the genuine article. Put a good and a bad sovereign before me. I discern one from the other by proving that *this* coin possesses the characteristics of gold, that coin does not. We shall recognize the true Church then by perceiving that it, and it alone, possesses the characteristics of the true Church. What are these characteristics?

Our Protestant friends say that the characteristics of the true Church are (1) the preaching of the true

Gospel, (2) the legitimate administration of the Sacraments. But this does not carry us far. *Which* preaching is the preaching of the true Gospel? *Which* administration is the legitimate administration of the Sacraments? There is nothing to answer but the preaching of the Gospel, and the administration of the Sacraments, which are practised in the true Church. In other words, we have completed our circle, and got back, safe and sound indeed, but without any profit, to our starting point. The Protestant test of the true Church is then a test which cannot be applied; that is to say, it is no test at all.

And yet there must be tests somewhere, tests clear and certain, and within the reach of everyone. For if Christ founded a Church which all men must hear and obey lest they should become as the heathen and the publican, evidently that Church ought to possess certain distinctive marks by which it can be recognized as the true Church of Christ, and which distinguish it from all rival and false Churches.

Once more then, what are these tests? Remember, they must be clear and certain, and within the reach of all. Without such manifestations the true Church will not be a 'city seated on a hill,' but a 'light hidden under a bushel.'

The Second General Council of the Church, which was held at Constantinople, in A.D. 381, declared that the Church was One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Here then, according to the Second General Council. are four characteristics of the true Church: Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, Apostolicity.

I trust that you, my Protestant readers, admit the authority in matters of faith, of the Second General Council. I know, indeed, that you are of opinion that the Church, in spite of all Christ's promises, pledges and guarantees, fell away at some period or other from the true faith. You are not agreed amongst yourselves as to the precise period of the defection; but this is a mere matter of detail; that the Church did fall away from the faith is the assumption with which you started

It is not a pleasant reflection for any of us, but the

truth is, that you can justify your revolt against the Church in the sixteenth century, and your present existence, only on the supposition that the Church proved faithless to the trust which she had received from her Divine Master. But surely the Church which had just passed through ten persecutions rather than deny her faith, remained doctrinally sound till A.D. 381, the date of the Second General Council.

However, to remove all misgivings, I will point out that the four characteristics mentioned—Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity—are declared, either expressly or by implication, in a single sentence of our Blessed Lord, to be the characteristics of the true Church. "Thou art Peter," said our Saviour, "and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." In this sentence, note (1) "My *Church*," not My churches; then the true Church is One. (2) "*My*" Church; then it must be Holy; (3) "the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it," then it shall accomplish its mission of "teaching all nations;" in other words, it is Catholic or Universal. (4) "On thee, Peter, will I build it;" then it is Apostolic. Here then, on the authority of our Divine Master Himself, the true Church is declared to be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. Consequently, where we find Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity, *there*, and *nowhere else*, do we find the true Church of Christ.

The First Note—Unity.

Having got our tests, let us apply them to the Roman Catholic Church. Does the Roman Catholic Church possess Unity? The Roman Catholic Church is One with the completest and most perfect Unity, because all her members agree in one Faith, have all the same Sacraments and Sacrifice, and are all united under one Head.

Let us go through this in detail. (1) All the members of the Church of Rome agree in *one* Faith. I need not delay long in establishing the truth of this statement. What has never been questioned requires no elaborate proof. You know very well that if you

interrogate on matters of faith a Catholic living in Russia, and a Catholic living in Nova Scotia, you will receive precisely the same replies from each. You will find no hesitation, wavering, or fluctuation in the belief of Catholics. They do not believe one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow. They never 'think this' or 'hold that opinion;' but 'whatever the Church teaches,' that they accept with all the intensity of their minds and wills. Rich Catholics and poor, high and low, English, Spanish, Icelandic and Chaldee hold precisely the same doctrines and are united in the closest union that is found outside of Heaven. "Father," said our Saviour, "I pray that they may be One as You and I are One;" and the prayer has been heard.

(2) All Roman Catholics have the same Sacrifice and Sacraments. Go where you will and you will find amongst Roman Catholics the same great Sacrifice of the Mass. The prayers of the Mass may be recited in many languages, and may be accompanied by a diversity of rites, but wherever there exists a Catholic altar, there, day by day, the Immaculate Lamb of God is offered in expiation of the sins of the world. Everywhere too amongst Catholics you will find the same seven Sacraments. Five of these Sacraments bear their fruit for the individual Christian:—Baptism, by which one becomes the child of God; Confirmation, by which one is carried to his full stature, and becomes a man of God; Holy Eucharist, by which the soul is nourished with the bread of the strong; Penance, the second plank after shipwreck, by which the divine sonship forfeited by personal sin is restored; Extreme Unction, by which the vestiges of sin are erased, and the soul, about to appear before its Maker, is rendered somewhat less unworthy to appear in that Presence, where even the angels seem unclean. And the remaining two Sacraments are for Christian Society; Holy Orders, by which man is set apart for the feeding and the keeping of the flock of Christ; and Matrimony, to bless the union by which the members of the Church are multiplied.

(3) All are united under one Head. This head is the Bishop of Rome, whom all Catholics regard as the successor of St. Peter in the Headship of the Church, and as the Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ. The Bishop of Rome is the centre of the unity of the Church. If the Catholic Church fulfils the first two conditions of unity; if "all her members agree in one Faith and have all the same Sacraments and sacrifice," it is *because* "all her members are united under one Head." Refuse to recognize this unity of Headship, and, as experience has only too well shown, you make all other unity impossible.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to establish the supremacy of the Holy See in matters of faith and jurisdiction. But a word may be said in passing on the absolute need of this supremacy, if faith is to be preserved one and entire. Questions constantly arise on matters of faith. Opposite and irreconcilable views are taken. History teaches us that even Bishops have held irreconcilable views on such points. If unity of faith is to be maintained there must be some one to set the matter at rest; and to do this with the fullest authority and with final decision from which there is no appeal. But this means that there must be an infallible voice somewhere; because, if infallibility is wanting to the decision, finality is wanting to it, and thus we should be 'as you were;' there would be no getting, in the words of the northern farmer, 'any forrarder.' Suppose that a cricket match is being played. The match is a very important one, and matters have arrived at a very critical stage, when suddenly the wicket-keeper cries "How's that?" The fact is, that the wicket-keeper thinks he has stumped the famous batsman; the batsman thinks that he hasn't; the spectators—thousands are watching the game—are divided in opinion; some think the batsman is out; others say "No! certainly not, not out." What the spectators think, what the batsman thinks, what the wicket-keeper thinks, does not matter one iota. The decision rests with the man in the white waterproof and straw hat—the umpire. His word is final. If he decides 'out,' the batsman, without a word,

not been unanimously believed everywhere," clearly the safest rule is not to believe anything at all.

The Second Note—Sanctity.

The next note of the true Church is Sanctity. Now the Catholic Church is holy because she teaches a holy doctrine, offers to all the means of holiness, and is distinguished by the eminent holiness of many thousands of her children.

(1) She teaches a holy doctrine—not an imperfect and mutilated Christianity—but the full revelation of the Day of Pentecost. Not only does she maintain intact the mysteries and speculative doctrines of Christianity, but she also preserves and insists upon the observance of the entire Christian moral code. According to Luther, man, with regard to the work of saving his soul, is "like the statue of salt into which Lot's wife was turned; like to a trunk, or a stone, to a statue void of life, having the use neither of eyes, nor mouth, nor any of the senses, nor of the heart" (1). But according to the teaching of the Catholic Church, man is neither a puppet nor an automaton, but a responsible agent, with the determination of his eternity in his own hands. "He who *made* thee, without action of thine," says the Catholic Church to her child, "will not *save* thee without action of thine. Thou art girt round on all sides by enemies of thy salvation, but stand up like a man and confront them. The enemy within the gates, the body which is part of thyself, is the most terrible foe of all. But fast; abstain; if need be, don the hair-shirt; put bit and bridle on the animal part of thee; and thy body, instead of casting thee headlong into the pit, will win the crown of life for thee." Luther had no stomach for the moral code of the Church. "I know none of the Fathers," he wrote, "whom I hate as I do Jerome. He is always uttering absurdities about *fasting* and *virginity*."

The Catholic Church not only exhorts to virtue, but (2) she also offers to all the means of Holiness, Penance, the Altar with the Presence of Jesus there, by day and by

(1) In Genes. c. xix.

night, always living to make intercession for us; the other Sacraments, the Sacramentals, Religious Confraternities, the many special forms and practices of devotion, the Sign of the Cross, the Crucifix which recalls all that Jesus has done and suffered for us, the Images which remind us of the saints, our brethren in the faith, who have gone before us, to fortify us with their example, and are now our intercessors in Heaven; the Holy Water, by which we consecrate our comings in and our goings out.

Prominent among these means of holiness is the Sacrament of Penance. The practice of confession is sometimes censured as liable to abuse. But, as a matter of fact, it never is abused. Thousands of confessions are heard every week, yet no instance of abuse ever occurs. The truth is, that the objections against confession are mere *a priori* objections. Experience is all in favour of the practice. Catholics whether priests or laymen, will tell you that from their own individual experiences, they can bear witness to the salutary influence of the "bloody torture," to use the designation which Luther, with even less justice than elegance, applied to the sacred tribunal of penance.

Indeed, many non-Catholic writers have added their testimony in favour of the practice of Confession. In his 'System of Theology,' the famous Leibnitz writes: "By the necessity of confessing, many, especially those who are not yet hardened, are deterred from sin, and to those who have actually fallen, it affords great consolation, insomuch that I regard a pious, grave and prudent confessor as a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls."

And these means of sanctification have borne their fruit, for (3) the Catholic Church is distinguished by the eminent holiness of many thousands of her children. There is no day in the year on which the Church does not read in the choirs of her cathedral churches, in her monasteries and her seminaries, a long roll of glorious names of Saints proper to the day. She mentions the name of each Saint and the place of his death—scarcely more. Yet time would not suffice even for this scanty

in respect to *original* sin, why not also in respect to *actual* sin? *A priori* we ought to expect such a sign. We ought then to explain in this sense, other things being equal, any text of Scripture which might seem to favour this view. Yet, in point of fact, Protestants wrest from their obvious and only natural sense texts of Scripture for the mere sake of denying this view.

Protestantism, then, instead of providing, removes the means of holiness, and thus when Protestants are good they are good, not by reason of their Protestantism, but in spite of it. They are good, I may say, by reason of their Catholicism, by reason of the Bible which they received from the Catholic Church, and which they treasure and venerate in a manner which is worthy of the highest praise.

The Third Note—Catholicity.

The next note of the true Church is Catholicity or Universality. The Church of Rome is Catholic as to time and as to place, because she subsists in all ages, teaches all nations. (1) She subsists in all ages. Go back to the first days of Christianity, and you will find the Church of Rome there. You will find that then, as now, union with Rome was the test of Catholicity. "What calls he his faith," asks St. Jerome, "is it that for which the Roman Church is illustrious, or that which is contained in the volumes of Origin? If he answers, "the Roman faith" then are we Catholics." (1) And St. Cyprian, writing to Pope Cornelius, speaks of the efforts he has made to effect that his colleagues "might steadfastly approve and hold to *your* communion, *that is, to the unity and charity of the Catholic Church*" (Ep. 45). And St. Ambrose says: "He [Satyrus, St. Ambrose's brother] called a bishop to him . . . . and asked whether he was in communion with the Catholic Bishops, *that is, with the See of Rome.*"(2)

You will find, moreover, that all the rights and prerogatives, which the Bishop of Rome now claims, were then conceded to him. The first four General

(1) c. Rufinum lib. 1 n. 4. (2) Funeral Oration on Satyrus.

Councils, those of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon, are said to be approved and received by the Anglican Church. Now St. Cyril of Alexandria tells us that "the Nicene Council decreed that the Patriarch of Alexandria should signify each year to the Bishop of Rome what was astronomically the right time for keeping Easter, and that the latter should *by virtue of his authority* oblige the whole Church to keep the same day."(1) The Fathers who had assembled at Constantinople in their Synodical letters to Pope Damasus, thank him for inviting them "as his own members" to a Council which he proposed to hold in Rome; and Damasus in his reply calls them his "honoured sons," and commends them on having paid "due honour to the Apostolic See."(2) At the Council of Ephesus, Philip, one of the papal legates, when addressing the Council, stated that his master was their Head, and the successor of St. Peter, whose place and authority the Bishop of Rome held. Not a voice was raised in challenge of the statement.(3) Finally, the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedon, in their synodical letter to Pope Leo, after declaring that they were an assembly of 520 bishops over whom he presided as Head, complain of the insolence of Dioscorus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, in these terms: "Moreover he let loose his madness even against him who was by the care of our Saviour entrusted with the guardianship of the vineyard, that is, *against your Apostolic Highness.*" (4)

How was the Pope regarded in the sixteenth century? Take the witness of "Bluff King Hal," before he became the victim of an unlawful passion. In his "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum," which won for him, from Pope Leo X., the title of "Defender of the Faith," King Henry VIII. thus addresses Luther: "Deny if you can that the whole Christian world hails

(1) Prol. scrip. pro cyc. xcv.

(2) Labbe, Concilia, tom. ii, p. 961, and Ep. ix. Syn. Orient. Gall. and tom. vi.

(3) Labbe, Concilia, tom. iii. p. 619, & p. 626.

(4) Labbe, Concilia, tom. iv. p. 836.

Rome as its spiritual mother. Even to the remotest ends of the earth, all that bears the Christian name, on the sea and in the wilderness, bows before Rome."

The Church of Rome then, as she is to-day, has endured from the first until now. Will she continue till the end? Macaulay, viewing the matter from a merely human standpoint, is inclined to believe that she will. Edmund Burke was certain that if Catholicism went, Christianity could not long survive. There might be some comfort in these favourable forecasts if we stood in need of them. But we can dispense with them. "The gates of hell shall never prevail against it." "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The Church of Rome is Catholic or Universal in *place*, as well as in time, because she teaches all nations. If you should visit Rome, pay a visit to the Propaganda College, which the great Napoleon declared to be a miniature model of the Catholic Church. You will find amongst the students representatives of every nation under Heaven. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the world-famed linguist, of whom Lord Byron said that he ought to have been 'interpreter general' at the Tower of Babel, learnt most of his languages there. You will see black men there, men born in slavery in the wilds of Central Africa, defending theses from the Theology and Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. These black men will go back to the barren deserts, bleached white by the torrid sun of Africa, as consecrated priests of God, to offer up the great Sacrifice, and to die, if called upon, for the Supremacy of the Holy See. That College, I say, is a fitting emblem of the Roman Catholic Church, for go where you will, there you will find men of one faith, of one heart, and of one obedience to Rome.

The Church of Rome indeed has not accomplished her divine mission of teaching all nations without impediment and hindrance. The early Christians were driven by persecution under ground, into the catacombs. We have memorials of those catacombs to this day. What else are the lights on our altars, the crypts under

many of our churches, the secret whispering of the Apostles' Creed when the Divine Office is recited? But the Church was not to remain in the catacombs. She was to be the city seated on a hill which cannot be hid. She rose from her tomb, like Jesus glorified, never to return there. In the sixteenth century, Protestantism shouted to her, "Back to your catacombs! underground! out of sight again!" What answer did the Church make? You remember what the old Romans did when the Carthaginians were besieging their city. They opened the city gates, not to admit the besiegers, not to parley, but in their lofty pride to send forth half the garrison on an expedition against Carthage. Well, the Church, Catholic and Roman, replied by sending her missionaries to America and the Indies, and while heresy was fighting for a duchy, she was winning continents to God. No! no! no more catacombs! When the Church left the catacombs she composed the Creed of Nicea, and that Creed she will sing publicly, and in the full light of day, till the end of the world.

Then again, the very name of 'Catholic' which we claim and receive! Who refuses it to us; who else can claim it? Men throw it in our faces sometimes as a taunt. "That man is a Catholic," they say, and they point the finger and shoot out the lip. May they long continue to pelt us with jewels!

Always a distinctive name of the true Church has been this name of 'Catholic.' St. Augustine, after saying that he is held in the Church by a "succession of bishops descending from the See of Peter to whom Christ, after His Resurrection, committed His flock," says, "lastly, the very name of Catholic holds me; of which this Church alone has, not without reason, so kept the possession that, though all heretics desire to be called Catholics, *yet if a stranger asks them where Catholics meet, none of the heretics dare point to his own house or church.*"(1)

Does the Protestant Church possess the note of Catholicity? It is Catholic neither in time nor in place. It needs no elaborate reasoning to prove that Protestantism

(1) Contra Epist. Fundam. c. 4.

has not existed from the foundation of Christianity. The point is conceded by the Protestants themselves. Luther, in the preface to his works, declares that at first *he was alone.* Calvin admits that the reformed Churches broke away from the "communion of the whole world."(1) The Anglican Church, in its authoritative pronouncements, is equally candid. According to the 'Book of Homilies,' which is appointed to be read in the Anglican churches, "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children of whole Christendom, have been, at once, drowned in abominable idolatry, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more."

It is equally easy to show that Protestantism is not universal with respect to place. In truth, even though there were Protestantism everywhere, still Protestantism would not be universal; for there is no universality without unity. You can have something everywhere without unity; but you cannot have the *same thing* everywhere without unity. Protestantism is at best an aggregate of national Churches, just as Europe is an aggregate of nations. And just as the laws of one nation have no force in another, so the doctrines of one national Church obtain no currency in another. The 'Thirty-nine Articles,' twisted and strained till they are bent out of all shape, may serve for the Church of England. But they are for home consumption only. Put them on board ship, and, like delicate tea, they lose their value at once. Perhaps the Channel Tunnel, when it comes, may make a difference.

The Fourth Mark—Apostolicity.

Finally, the Roman Catholic Church is Apostolic. She is Apostolic (1) as to her doctrine. There is not a single doctrine, taught by the Apostles, which the Catholic Church has not constantly advocated and insisted upon; and there is not a single doctrine taught by the Catholic Church which is not contained in the original deposit of faith, which was entrusted by the Holy Spirit to the

(1) Epist. 141.

Apostles. In other words, the Catholic Church teaches all that is contained in the Word of God, and nothing that is not contained therein. This does not mean that all the doctrines of the Catholic Church are to be found, formally enunciated, in the Scriptures. What is meant is, that they are all contained in the Scriptures, the written Word of God, or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God.

Such has always been the teaching of the Church. St. Basil, writing more than 1500 years ago, says, "There are many doctrines preserved and preached in the Church, derived partly from written documents partly from Apostolical Tradition, which have *equally the same force in Religion*, and which no one contradicts who has the least knowledge of the Christian laws."(1) Our Protestant friends admit no Word of God saving the Scriptures or Written Word. But this position of theirs is (*a*) non-Scriptural. There is absolutely no warrant for it in the Scriptures. It is (*b*) anti-Scriptural, for we learn from the Scriptures that just as our Lord Himself taught, not by writing, but by word of mouth; so when commissioning His Apostles to carry on, propagate, and perpetuate His work, the means that He selected was *preaching*, "Going into the whole world," He said, "*preach* the Gospel to every creature."

The Apostles, obeying this divine command, founded the various churches, *not* by writing, but by *preaching*. Indeed, several of the Apostles wrote nothing at all. When they did write, their writings were frequently called forth by particular circumstances and occasions, and were addressed to private individuals. It is true that they placed what was written on a level with the doctrine which was unwritten; "Therefore, brethren," wrote St. Paul to the Thessalonians, "stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle;" nevertheless, just as they had themselves propagated the Gospel not by writing but by preaching, so the Apostles wished that their successors should use preaching to carry on their work. Thus St. Paul writes

(1) Lib. de Spirito Sancto. c. 27.

to Timothy: "And the things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same command to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also."

The Protestant position is (*c*) inconsistent with Protestant practice; for Protestants use, and are forced to use Tradition, to determine the number of the Canonical Books, and to fix the sense of the principal mysteries of faith. It is only by Tradition, again, that they can prove the obligation of sanctifying the Sunday, the lawfulness of infant baptism, the validity of baptism when conferred by heretics. "Without Tradition," wrote King Henry VIII., in his reply to Luther, "you would not know that there are Gospels. Had not the Church taught us the authenticity of St. John's Gospel, how could we have discovered it? Why, then, will you not believe the Church when she says to you: This is what Jesus Christ did for us; these Sacraments He instituted: these things have been handed down to us by the Apostles; just as you believe her when she tells you: 'These are the writings of St. Mark or of St. Matthew'?"

Finally, to exclude Divine Tradition is (*d*) unreasonable; for this exclusion makes unity of faith impossible. How shall we know the true sense of the Scriptures if there be no Divine Tradition, no infallible living voice?

The impossibility of so doing was established 1700 years ago by Tertullian, in his treatise on "Prescriptions."

All the doctrines of the Catholic Church are contained either in the Scriptures or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God. The Church from the first General Council till the present day has, from time to time and as occasion required, solemnly proclaimed and explicitly defined some doctrine which was contained only *implicitly* in the original deposit of faith. But to that deposit she has never made an *addition*. On the contrary *she obliges all to believe*, under the pain of anathema, that the Revelation of God was given *whole* and *entire* on the day of Pentecost.

The Catholic Church is Apostolical (2) by reason of her ministry, inasmuch as her Bishops descend from the Apostles in a succession which has never been broken.

The Fathers, when refuting heretics, constantly appealed to the authority involved in Apostolic succession.

Thus St. Irenæus whose master, Polycarp, had been the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, writes: "We refer you to the tradition of that greatest, most ancient, and universally known Church, founded at Rome by St. Peter and St. Paul, and which has been preserved there through the succession of its Bishops down to the present time." (1) Tertullian challenges heretics as follows: "Let them produce the origin of their Church; let them display the succession of their Bishops, so that the first of them may appear to have been ordained by an *Apostolic* man, who persevered in their communion." He then, after giving a list of the Bishops of Rome, adds, "Let the heretics feign anything like this." (2) The great St. Augustine, when stating the motives of credibility in favour of the Catholic religion, says: "I am kept in this Church by the succession of Prelates from St. Peter, to whom the Lord committed the care of His sheep, down to the present Bishop." (3) St. Optatus, when refuting the Donatists, enumerates all the Popes, from St. Peter down to the then living Pope, Siricius, "with whom," he says, "we and *all the world* are united in communion. Do you, Donatists, now give the history of your episcopal ministry." (4)

Just as St. Optatus could trace the descent of Pope Siricius to St. Peter, so can Catholics of the present day trace the descent of Pope Leo XIII., now happily reigning, to St. Peter. The continuity has never been broken. And just as the Fathers refuted the heretics of their day by an appeal to the doctrine of St. Peter's successor, so we also refute the heretics of our day. "Where Peter is, *there* is the Church," said St. Ambrose; and what he said will be true to the end of time. Peter, always living in the persons of his successors, is the Rock on which the Church is built. Take away Peter, and you destroy the foundation of the Church.

The Protestant Church is Apostolic neither in doctrine nor in ministry. To say that the Protestant Church is

(1) Adv. Her. (2) De Praescrip.
(3) Contra Epist. Fundam. (4) Contra Parmen. lib. 2.

Apostolic in doctrine, would be to say that the Apostles were constantly contradicting themselves. If those Protestant sects which *admit* that the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy is of divine institution are, in this respect, Apostolic in doctrine, are those other Protestant sects which *reject* the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, equally Apostolic in doctrine? Can a man be equally Apostolic in doctrine whether he rejects the Real Presence with the Calvinists, or maintains it with the Lutherans? Do the various Protestant professions of faith, which flatly contradict each other on points of the highest importance, represent the consistent, uniform, unchanging and unchangeable doctrines of the Apostles?

We hear frequently of Protestants tracing back their doctrines to the teaching of the Wicliffites, Hussites, and other heretics condemned and excommunicated by the Church; but Luther has solemnly warned all Protestants against attempting to find support for their tenets in the writings of the Fathers. "*All* the Fathers," wrote Luther, "have *erred in the faith*, and, if they did not repent before death, they are damned for all eternity." Evidently Luther was convinced that the Protestant faith was not the faith of those who had learnt at the feet of the Apostles.

If Protestantism is not Apostolic in doctrine, it follows that it cannot be Apostolic in ministry. Apostolical succession does not consist in mere sequence of Bishops, but in true and complete succession. Each Bishop of the series must not simply come after his predecessor, but also occupy his place as Pastor, Ruler, and Teacher. Consequently where continuity of doctrine is broken, where Bishops reject what their predecessors had taught and teach what their predecessors had rejected, there no true succession can exist. Show me now, if you can, a succession of Protestant Bishops extending back to the Apostles and teaching, throughout the whole series, precisely the same doctrines.

But just as Luther warned you not to expect any support from the Fathers, so your Book of Homilies warns you not to attempt to prove an Apostolical succession. I quote once more the famous passage from

the Homily, against 'the peril of idolatry.' "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women and children of whole Christendom have been, at once, drowned in *abominable idolatry*—and that for the space of eight hundred years and more." This, as has been said, is an authoritative pronouncement of the Anglican Church. It carries with it not only the authority of the Book of Homilies, from which it is quoted, but also the authority which belongs to the Thirty-nine Articles, for the thirty-fifth article orders the Book of Homilies to be read in the churches, as containing *a godly and wholesome doctrine. The abominable idolatry* in which *whole Christendom* was 'drowned,' 'and that for the space of eight hundred years and more,' was, I need not say, Popery, or the teaching and practice of the Roman Catholic Church.

As Protestants always claim Wicliffe, the 'Morning Star of the Reformation,' and Huss, as their predecessors in the true faith, and as Wicliffe and Huss had many followers, the 'abominable idolatry' cannot have drowned "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned . . of whole Christendom," during the period of these illustrious masters and their disciples. The 'space of eight hundred years and more' must then have *terminated* with the advent of Wicliffe and Huss. But these worthies 'flourished' in the fourteenth century. Consequently 'the space of eight hundred years and more' commences as far back as the sixth or fifth century, that is to say, at the conclusion of the period of the Fathers. According then to the solemn pronouncement of the Anglican Church, 'Popish' doctrine and 'Popish' succession prevailed throughout 'whole Christendom' from the period of the Fathers till the days of Wicliffe and Huss in the fourteenth century.

Now let Luther take up the parable. We quote once more those famous words of his, "*All* the Fathers have erred in the faith, and, if they did not repent before death, they are damned for all eternity." And he means that they "erred in the faith" through their 'Popery,' are "damned for all eternity" through their 'Popery,' for he immediately goes on to say, "St.

Gregory invented Purgatory and Masses for the dead." &c., &c.

Here then we have it declared on the best Protestant authorities, that 'Popery' embraced *all Christendom* from the days of the earliest Fathers ("*all* the Fathers"), who were the disciples of the Apostles themselves, and received from the Apostles in person the truths of Faith, down to the days of Wicliffe and Huss in the fourteenth century.

Protestantism then made its first start in the fourteenth century—rather a bad start for the Church which would desire to prove itself Apostolical in succession and in doctrine.

But though Protestantism, in the sense of rebellion against the authority of the Church, may date back as far as the fourteenth century, there is no single Protestant sect which can claim so great an antiquity. Change, constant change, has been from the first the order of the day.

Even Luther and Calvin have grown much too old-fashioned for modern Protestants. They want new founders more up to date. They look around for them, and, if they cannot discover them, start a new religion for themselves.

This is especially true of English Protestants. America may outvie England in mechanical inventions —though I am not sure that she does. But for the inventing of new religions, England stands without a rival. I do not say this as upbraiding Englishmen. It proceeds from their deeply religious spirit, and from their strong sense of the insufficiency of each phase of Protestantism, as it comes before them. I believe that this restlessness of theirs, which has its origin in zeal for religion, will one day be rewarded by the rest and peace which the true Church, the spouse of Christ, alone can give. The true Church alone can give rest and peace, for this life and for the next, for 'outside the true Church there is no salvation.' Do not charge the Catholic Church with intolerence if it insists upon the truth that outside of its pale there is no salvation. That 'outside the true Church there is no salvation'

is an axiom which you will find stated in the 'Institutes' of Calvin, in the 'Confessions' of the heretic Saxon, Belgian, and Scotch Protestants, and in the well known 'Commentary on the Creed' of Pearson, the Protestant Bishop of Chester.

Whatever may be the sense in which the Protestants, who employ it, may use the axiom; the Catholic Church, at least, uses it in no intolerant sense. She does not mean that none are saved excepting those who receive all her doctrines and obey all her laws. She admits that there are many good and holy men who have no sympathy with her at all. She admits that many Protestants are saved and many Catholics are lost, and the former thought is as full of joy for her as the latter is full of sorrow. All that she means is (1) that Christ founded a Church as the great means for the salvation of men (2) that all are bound, under pain of eternal loss, to accept this means, provided by Christ, as soon as it becomes known to them, (3) that far greater facilities for salvation exist for those who are within the Church than for those who, even unwittingly, are outside of it, (4) that she is the true Church, which was founded by Christ. The first of these four points is admitted by all Christians; the second and third are inevitable consequences of the first; the fourth point I have endeavoured to establish in the present paper.

If the paper has convinced you, you are *bound*, to become a Catholic. If, without absolutely convincing you of the truth of Catholicism, it has made you doubt the truth of Protestantism, you must not be content to remain in a state of doubt. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and while there is doubt there is no faith, for faith means to believe without doubting.

Some Protestants know very well that if they pursued their inquiries they would satisfy themselves of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church. But they refuse to pursue these inquiries. They do not want to become Catholics. It would mean loss of position, or of money, or of friendship. They try to quiet their conscience by saying "we have no right to change from the religion in which God has placed us."

What a sorry excuse this is—a mere 'begging the question.' What right have you to say that God placed you where you are? The Pagans might have made the same excuse to the Apostles. The Mahommedans and Jews might make the same excuse at the present day. And, if the excuse be worth anything, how will you justify your fathers in the faith, Wicliffe, and Huss, Luther and Calvin? Did not they change their religion?

We only want you to change back to the religion which existed before the so-called Reformers and their changes were even heard or dreamed of. We do not want you to become converted to what is new, but to revert to what is old.

What was Protestantism, in *its origin*, but a great change in Religion? What has been its *entire history* but a series of changes, of confessions of faith and of sects perpetually varying? To return to the Church is to put an *end* to *change*, and to *rest* in the ancient faith.

To leave one sect for another would be foolish, for all Protestant sects are equally without authority and exposed to the same uncertainties. But to leave Protestantism, to return to the Church, is to pass from variations to invariable belief; from *divisions* to *unity;* from the *error of yesterday* to the *truth* which is of *all time;* to pass from doubt to faith; and from death to life.

Frederick Ozanam.

(1813—1853.)

By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

On a gray Saturday in November, 1831, a provincial attorney's clerk of seventeen, with little money and less knowledge of the world, was crossing the bridge which led, then as now, over the Seine to the students' quarter of Paris. The outward prospect was not very different from what such a lad would see to-day. Down stream, the beautiful façade of the Louvre. Higher up, the majesty of Notre Dame. In front, the classic dome of the Pantheon, upon the hill which for so many centuries had been consecrated by the shrine of St. Geneviève, with the famous halls of the Sorbonne close at hand.

That law student, whose name was Frederick Ozanam, has become in many ways the type and model of the young Catholic layman of modern days. So Lacordaire testified when he described him in later years as "an

ancestor"—the historic seed of an uncounted following. To us, in English-speaking lands, he is less known than he deserves to be. His own story is simple, and it stands written, happily, in the frank and charming letters to his relatives and near friends which they published after his untimely death. It is a beautiful and a saintly life; yet its importance is not so much for what he was as for what he did. The cardinal fact by which Ozanam ought to be remembered is, that without any advantages beyond those which lie within the reach of thousands of the young men who may read these pages, he did a work for God and man which changed the religious life and history of his nation. Whoever would understand him, therefore, must first realize what manner of society the world of Paris was in 1831.

To call it godless would be moderate. The storm which had swept France a generation earlier had, in its way, abolished religion. Napoleon, the cynic of statecraft, had affected to reinstate the Church, only that he might the better check its real growth. The Restoration, fanatical and misdirected, had produced, beyond the narrow circle of its sincere reactionaries, little but hypocrisy on the one hand and exasperation on the other. And the tumults of 1830 had brought chaos back.

The churches were open, but they were deserted. The splendid hierarchy of France sat in the high places, as of old, but met with scant consideration: perhaps because it was itself afraid. The unbelief of our own metropolis is bad enough: but of the Paris to which Ozanam came, it may be broadly said that, outside the *clientèle* of the ecclesiastical establishments, practically no educated men and few of the uneducated even called themselves by the Christian name. As for the schools, they were more frankly unbelieving than they are to-day: and to say that is to say much.

When Ozanam entered the *École de Droit*, he found that there were only three other law students who owned to any religion at all. About the same date, in the

great military academy, a singular young man who desired to make his Easter Communion, found that practically the only way to do so was to go into the infirmary and be visited by the official chaplain as a patient.

Ozanam was born at Milan, to which his father, an old soldier of Napoleon's Italian wars, had retired that he might earn a pittance by teaching French, rather than serve the despot who betrayed the Republic. The family was of Jewish origin* and had settled at Lyons. With a rare energy, the father found time to study medicine and took out a qualification. Then the arrival of the Austrians drove him back with his young family to Lyons, and there Frederick Ozanam spent half his life. The circumstances of his upbringing were, to put it plainly, commonplace. If we did not know that he gave evidence in later years of innate powers of thought and speech, we should have to say that he had no greater chances in life than those of all the millions who are the children of the modern middle class. His father and mother were sincerely religious and very charitable. It was by an accident which befel him in the service of the poor that his father lost his life. But they were nothing more wonderful than other well-living citizens. They were not well born, nor important. They were neither rich nor poor: and with a large family, their means were not enough to do more than give to each the ordinary education of the time.

Frederick was a healthy child. He was not a specially good boy nor a specially bad one. He showed no talent at school, and was not, by his own account, even a diligent scholar. The one thing that is told of him is, that he was so self-willed that when in schoolboy games his playmates wished to make him confess that he was beaten, he would stamp his foot and tell them he "would rather die than say it." Terrible to relate, he actually used to fight! He was, by his own account, "obstinate, passionate, and disobedient," and "lazy to the last

* The name is said to be, in fact, a variant of 'Hosanna.'

degree,"—till the passion of emulation and the pride of success persuaded him to work. His parents evidently made their home a place of sincere, though not obtrusive, religious influences: but the effect of these was not very obvious, so far.

A marked religious experience came with his First Communion, as a boy of eleven or twelve. "May my right hand wither," he wrote at sixteen, "if I ever forget that bright and blessed day." His temper and his whole conduct underwent a change for the better. He became gentle, modest, industrious, and rather scrupulous in his personal conduct though still proud and impatient: such at least was his own estimate in the sketch of his life which he sent as a lad to a boyish confidant.

A few years later, he passed through a trial which to the end of his life he remembered with pain. The current talk of infidelity and the intellectual awakening of higher studies led him to ask himself whether he had any real ground for the placid faith, which had in his home been kept unshaken and undiscussed. He was not yet sixteen, but he was precocious for his years: and though he clung to his faith as a possession he *must* preserve, he could find no sufficient help in the books he read. He was haunted by shifting doubts which he did not reveal to those who might have helped him. Happily, he remained innocent; and he prayed the more, the harder his trial grew. One hard day he turned into a church and prayed, with what he always felt to be an act of consecration, that "if God gave him light to see the Truth, he would devote his life to defending it." The prayer was not unheard, nor the vow forgotten.

He took a course of serious philosophic studies under the Abbé Noirot, an able, sympathetic, and wide-minded man. He worked hard and thought out the problems of the world with all the vehemence of seventeen. And when he was withdrawn from these classes to serve an apprenticeship as a clerk in the attorney's office, he revenged himself, after office hours, by writing a juvenile

treatise against the fashionable heresy of the Saint Simonians.

Nothing, indeed, can be more characteristic of the man than his state of mind at this time. Fortunately his letters exist. They are perfectly simple, even boyish: but they are full of the grave purpose of one who knew that a human life was meant for something else than eating and drinking, and earning the inevitable expense. He looked out upon his country, and he saw that, if his faith were true, it was in a pitiful way. He looked round upon his fellow-Catholics, and he was forced to recognise that they were not doing, or likely to do, much that could be helpful. The folk of the old school could not understand the new demands nor the strange language of the successors of the men of '98. If the Catholic youth were to be of any help, they must first try faithfully to understand and loyally to uphold all that was true in the great upheaval, so that they might the better disentangle it from the frauds and follies of the flippant prophets of the day. Stuck on his office stool, with only the talk of a narrow provincial circle and the news of the Lyons newspaper to guide him, he felt "like a man looking through a bad eye-glass." But he set himself, as a first duty, to understand his time against the day when he should be wanted; and the event proved his success.

Another mark of his youthful Christianity was the note of a splendid hope. "I feel," he says, "that the past is falling to pieces, that the foundations of the building we have known are shaken, that an earthquake has changed the whole face of the earth." What then? "I believe in Providence," he answers; "and I do not despair of my country." Amid the wreck of social and political institutions, he is content to say: there exists, as the presupposition and the bottom fact of human life, this inevitable truth which we call religion—the revelation of God—the providence of history—the divine essence in the changing world. This religious truth, however many forms it may take or

seem to take, brings you out, if you sincerely follow it, by mere necessity to the Catholic Faith, as its one authentic expression. "This," he said, "is what society wants, and it is equally what I want." To suppose that it was come to an end because Voltaire laughed at it, or because Saint Simon called it an anachronism, would be mere cowardice and futility. "Let us rally," cries the sanguine lad to his college friends, "let us unite our efforts and create a work together. Let us point to the faith as a harbour light for those who are tossed upon the dark and stormy sea."

Of the difficulties he is well aware. He has discussed them with M. Noirot. He must learn at least twelve languages, so that he may master the original documents. All the sciences that are concerned with cosmogony must evidently be investigated; and then all history has to be studied likewise. Perhaps if he start at eighteen he may be able to write a book at thirty-five. It is very audacious: but of the result there is for him no question. "In the might of her eternal youth, Catholicism shall arise again and lead the world out to civilization and to happiness; and the day will come when all mankind will gather to that shelter."

It is a singular picture—this unformed provincial lawyer's clerk, not yet eighteen, who "for two years" has heard the voice of God calling to him to be a prophet in a godless time. They may liken him, if they choose, to the frog of La Fontaine. But in his soul there is no shadow of vanity and no thought of himself. He chides his cousin, who has been fired by his great plan, for speaking about "glory." But his soul lifts itself on wings at the mere thought of how good a thing it is to spend himself in such a cause. "I am filled with intellectual delight—for the work is magnificent, and I am young."

It was no personal ambition. It was the conviction that his duty as a Catholic and a man was to bear his part in the movement of the time. This, as it was his boyish inspiration, was the keynote of his life. As he

saw more of the world, he felt more and more keenly that the supineness of those who believed, was the '*gran rifiuto*'—the cowardly refusal of a duty of charity to their struggling or bewildered fellows. If even a few insignificant students made a stand against the ridicule, which was the most powerful enemy then as now of all good things in France, an uncounted number of the weaker brethren might be rescued from the common wreck. As a Christian citizen, his duty was not limited to personal devotion and the avoidance of the grosser sins. What light he had, must shine. What talents God had given him, great or small, he must put out to use.

At the *Collège de France*, he found that the professors were accustomed to court a cheap popularity by attacks on Revelation, or Christianity, or the Church. Ozanam therefore led the way in organizing a series of protests and set answers from the Catholic students. The results were astonishingly rapid: for the fashionable scepticism was an arrant intellectual sham. Of one of their first protests, Ozanam writes: "Our answers were publicly read, and produced the best effect: on the professor, who as good as retracted his words, and on the class, who applauded. The most useful thing in it all is, that it enables us to show the students of the day that one may be a Catholic and yet have common sense, and that one may love liberty and religion at the same time."

This was another keynote of his mission. To him it was a misery that Catholicism in France had come to be treated both by friend and by foe as if it were opposed to the idea of human freedom. Of any such antithesis the lad had an instinctive horror: and in his maturer years he was one of the best fighters in that brilliant band of men who did much to destroy the mischievous superstition.

During this time, Ozanam was boarding with a scientific man of great celebrity but scanty means, who was also a sincere Catholic, M. Ampère. He had

taken in the lad out of kindness, and took a warm interest in his progress. At this house, No. 19 Rue des Fossés St. Victor, he met many of the most learned men of the day, and he describes them pleasantly in his letters. His call on M. de Châteaubriand had an unexpected result. The poet asked him if he had been to the theatres. The lad had promised his parents not to go, for the times were notably vicious. But he was half afraid to confess it for fear the great man would laugh at him. On the contrary, he praised his resolve warmly, and added an epigram, which combined, no doubt, a literary and a moral judgment. "You would gain nothing," he said, "and you might lose a great deal."

It is not easy for us to estimate the amount of moral fortitude which it required to enable a lad like Ozanam to preserve "the white flower of a blameless life" in the midst of the dangers of that society. He had his interior enemies. After the religious experiences we have noted, he does not seem to have again lost hold of the Catholic Faith. But he has to complain sadly of that kind of pride which is discontented "because it expects so much from self and is disappointed." Modest and humble as he was in intention, his natural bent was apparently the reverse. All his life he was liable to these fits of discontent, which in a man less prayerful or less dutiful, would have embittered his existence. But his safeguard was, in the first place, his sincere devotion; and in the next place, his constant sense that, whether great or small, he had a work to do. His natural impulse was to build great projects, and to plan a life so beautiful and grand that it should contain all imaginable desires. But that, he feels, is mere folly. Our plan will assuredly be misdrawn, for we cannot lift ourselves to any point of view from which we could see the whole design. And why should we strain after it? The will of God, which is our work, is accomplished from day to day. Unless we can see some clear and paramount vocation that we needs must follow, let us think of ourselves as workmen who are

told each hour the task they have to perform in the hour ahead. If we so follow the orders of the great Architect in trust and faithfulness, we shall accomplish our building as well as if we had the whole plan before us from the first. Indeed, his train of thought at this time is singularly like that which inspired Newman when he wrote his best-known hymn. "The greatest," said Ozanam, "are they who did not plan their destinies, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led."

All this, of course, might have sunk into a feeble impotence, except that he is conscious at every moment of the call of the Master's work. He felt Christianity, to use his own expression, not merely as a sphere of thought and of worship, but as a sphere of action, of will, of conduct. He was indeed conscious of a certain strain of irresolution in himself: and he set himself to conquer it. What place God meant him to fill in the life of the time, he waited to be told. But the present duty was to prepare himself, first by the diligent pursuit of his work as a student, and then by taking advantage of such opportunities to help his neighbours as Providence might open out.

Happily at this very crisis of his life, his holidays took him to Italy. His sensitive spirit was deeply moved by the new world of beauty, which to him was instinct on every hand with the genius of the Christian Church. In the Stanze of the Vatican, he stood entranced before that wonder—the Disputa of Raphael—in which the range and majesty of the Catholic Tradition is summed up as none but a world-artist could have translated it. To Ozanam it was not only a piece of consummate beauty: it was also the key of history. And as he looked at it he was impressed by the prominence of Dante, with his poet's crown, among the Doctors and the Popes of all the centuries. He returned to Italy more than once, and made Dante, in some sense, the study of his life. But probably the greatest advantage which he gained from this college holiday was, that it enabled him to realise, as few can wholly realise except in Italy, the

inevitable force and the sane simplicity of the Catholic Tradition.

In 1833, the *rapprochement* between the professed Christians among the students, which Ozanam's protests had created, began to take a definite shape in a series of meetings for historical and literary discussion at the office of M. Bailly's paper, the *Tribune Catholique*. The Saint-Simonians and other antagonists were allowed to come, and the debates grew lively. Ozanam was the real leader of the party, and his eloquence, fired with conviction, began to tell. He did not think of it as a mere debating society. It was to him a conference of friends working out together a system of knowledge under the inspiration of Catholic ideas. Discussion in the hot air of the debate, and afterwards when the little knot of friends walked home together through the shadow of the Panthéon,—all discussion was to him an education for his work, the work of making the Catholic Truth intelligible to the deaf ears of the time. But this, as he soon confessed, was not enough.

The Saint-Simonians, whose doctrine was merely a well-meaning humanitarianism, were fond of taunting the brilliant defender of Christianity with the cry, "Show us your works!" It may be conceded, they said, that Christianity is a beautiful idea. It may be that it once did much to civilize humanity. It may be that it has formed and inspired a great number of noble and saintly lives. But what has it to do with the modern world? Where is it in the Paris of to-day? There is no social work which it can show. The needs of the time are crying, and the air is full of change and striving, in which the Christian Church is but a hindrance and a wreck. Whatever it may be in history, Catholicism is dead.

In the rooms of his friend Lallier, one night, after a brilliant debate, Ozanam mooted the idea that they might organize a meeting of some of the leaders of the movement, for the purpose not only of preparing their discussions, but also of starting some good enterprise

which, in a modest way, might meet this charge that no social work was going on. The band of comrades presently saw that this was a vital idea, and eight of them, with old M. Bailly in the chair, held the first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in the back-room of the newspaper office, in May, 1833.

The scheme was yet quite vague. All they knew was, that they meant it to be in the service of the poor. Their first task was to decide what they should do: and in this M. Bailly, seconded keenly by Ozanam, gave excellent advice. "Do not be content to dole out alms," they said; "that is a very cheap and unwise charity, even if you had wealth: and as it is, you have none. Go and make friends among the poor. Give to each family what personal help your own better training enables you to give. In one place it will be legal, in another medical. To some, you may judiciously give practical advice. For others, you may procure work In all cases, help them to help themselves, and consider it your primary duty, whether you take them tickets or not, to render some personal service."

A few rules were soon settled, and they set out to visit a list of cases supplied by Sœur Rosalie. Their chief commandments were, that no politics were to be discussed, and that no one was to use the Society in any way for personal advancement. A weekly conference was to be held, at which the visiting brothers were to report their cases, and consult as to what help could best be given.

There was to be a secret collection to defray what little cost they had incurred, including the tickets, which they used sparingly, and regarded as merely an accessory to their real work.

Ozanam's first 'case' was a mother with five children, whose drunken husband beat them frequently, and took all her earnings, so that she and the children were starving. Ozanam's legal knowledge enabled him presently to discover that the marriage was invalid, and that the brute had no legal rights. Then he removed the family out of his reach, and violence was threatened.

A small extra collection at the Conference provided the means to send some of them back to their home in Brittany. Two of the boys were taken into the printing office as apprentices and cared for by M. Bailly—the germ, as afterwards appeared, of the whole work of the 'Patronage,' or care of working boys, which has since played so large a part in the work of Catholic charity in France.

The eight students who formed the first "Conference" had no idea of starting a world-wide society. "At first," as Ozanam said in 1853, when he was starting at Florence a new Conference of the then vast confraternity, "we would not open the doors of our little assembly to anyone else. But God had other views with respect to us. That association of a few personal friends became, in God's Providence, the nucleus of an immense family of brothers, destined to spread over a great part of Europe." The eight were, in fact, very chary of admitting even friends who might not come to their modest work in the same spirit. But a few came, and after these, more. Presently, as the impulse of a lay revival of Catholic charity spread over Paris, the "Conference" became so large as to be unmanageable, and it was divided, the unity of purpose being maintained by a central council and by general meetings of all the brothers. A body of rules, extremely simple, and in the main extremely wise, was drawn up by the founders and approved at Rome. The work was spread before long to those provincial towns of France with which the more zealous of the Parisian brotherhood were connected, and in twenty years, there were counted 2000 active brothers in Paris alone, with 5000 poor households under their charitable care, besides 500 vigorous conferences in other parts of France, and offshoots in Belgium and Spain, in England and America.

In truth, the extension of the Society has gone on without intermission, in spite of local vicissitudes, to the present time. The interference of the French Government with all forms of association threatened

the French Society at one time with official suppression, but it survived: and even in the evil days which have again fallen upon the Church in France, the number of existing Conferences there is given at 1,200, having over 21,000 active members.

The vigour and the practical efficiency of the work sometimes waxes and sometimes wanes, according as its members here and there may lose or may regain the spirit of the founder. But the work which he so simply started has grown, because it has provided everywhere a simple and easily adapted means of making lay work efficient for practical social helpfulness in a truly Catholic spirit, and with the fullest sanction of the Church. It would be out of place to describe here the astonishing progress of the Society as an international organization. Its success in Italy was largely promoted, in spite of much opposition from the petty courts and some inertia among the clergy, by the efforts of Ozanam himself. For whether he travelled as a tourist, a student, or an invalid, he never forgot to be a missionary. At present, there are about 300 Italian Conferences. But it is apparently in Belgium and in Catholic Germany that the greatest activity has arisen. The present active membership in Belgium is returned at 11,000, and the German membership, including Austria, is about 12,000. The Society extended, at a comparatively early date, to South America and to the Levant. More recently, it has been extending widely throughout the English-speaking lands. In England, where it was founded in 1844, it has waxed and waned, as elsewhere; but the number of conferences now at work is 133, and it is increasing. In Ireland there are 150, in Scotland 55, in British India 38, in Canada 101, and in the United States 398: while there are offshoots at the Cape, and in Egypt, and at Shanghai, and a vigorous recent development in Australia.*

* The addresses of Conferences in England and elsewhere are to be found in the Annual Report of the S.V.P. Society in England, copies of which may be had from the writer at 33 Chancery Lane, E.C.

In all, it is computed that at the present moment there are throughout the world about 4,800 Conferences, with 85,000 active members, and as many more affiliated as honorary members or otherwise. That many of these do but little, is likely enough; for the spirit of Ozanam, natural as it should be to any young Catholic, is sadly rare. But even a little is better than nothing, and the aggregate good is enormous. He himself hoped that some day it might be possible to see all young men of heart and intelligence united in a scheme of charity, so that a vast and generous association might be formed all over the country for the help of the poor. Here, as always throughout his speeches to the Brotherhood, the key-note to Ozanam is, that it is the *young* Catholics who can, if they are intelligent and self-sacrificing, save the modern world. It is as true still as it was then.

Before the Society of Charity was many weeks old, they resolved to make a public profession of faith on the Feast of Corpus Christi. As the processions were all stopped in Paris, they sallied out to Nanterre, the birth-place of St. Geneviève, to the number of thirty, and joined fervently with the astonished peasants—winding up the day, be it said, with a rattling dinner (at 1/8 a head) at one of the beautiful inns of St. Germain-en-Laye.

But Ozanam desired that the work of presenting the Catholic Truth in a speech intelligible to his generation should be started on a larger scale. He felt that the sermons then to be heard in the churches of Paris were ill-suited to the time. He had heard the young Abbé Lacordaire, still an unconsidered lecturer in the chapel of a private college; and his intuition told him that he had found the man who could realize his early dream, and state the claims of the Catholic Truth in the ears of modern Paris, so that all who would might hear and understand.

At once the impetuous lad conferred with his friends, and they agreed to go next day and petition the Archbishop to send for Lacordaire and ask him to preach

a series of "conferences" at Notre Dame. The Abbé was known of course to have been one of the brilliant band of Catholic Liberals who had gathered about M. de Lamennais in the days of the *Avenir*. The leader, grown wild and lawless, had been more or less discountenanced and was in revolt. Some of his pupils, like George Sand, fell away. But the others, including Montalembert and the Abbé Gerbet, remained faithful children of the Church, though they were all, as Lacordaire proclaimed upon his death-bed, Liberals to the last.

It was hardly wonderful that the Archbishop did not at once accept the startling suggestion of the unknown law student from Lyons, though he received him with all kindness. Lacordaire knew nothing, either of Ozanam or of his scheme. Undaunted by the refusal, Ozanam rallied his students, got up a big petition, and went back to the Archbishop. They found that he had determined to do something—namely, to have a course of sermons by the best preachers of the day: and he proceeded to introduce the students to the eloquent divines, who chanced to be at that moment assembled in the next room. The audacious young man, thus cornered, endeavoured to set forth what he and his friends understood to be the needs of the time. The old gentlemen were very gracious, but they did not understand. The sermons were duly preached, and they were a failure.

Meanwhile, Lacordaire was again preaching in the little college chapel, and Ozanam and all his cohort thronged to hear him. It was what they longed that all the world should hear—the old truths in the language of the new time. The church dignitaries were alarmed. They tried to persuade the Archbishop to silence the preacher: not in the least for any fault of orthodoxy, but because, in their timid conservatism, they feared all novelty. But the young men agitated more and more boldly, and the Archbishop at last sent Lacordaire to Notre Dame. What the result was, all the world knows.

It was like the preaching of the Apostles after Pentecost. The young men of St. Vincent de Paul gathered like a bodyguard round the pulpit. But the flippant sceptics, the careless *boulevardiers*, and the frivolous fine ladies came in thousands; and, for the first time since 1798, a real revival of religion arose in Paris. The Archbishop, as the last conference closed, publicly thanked the preacher, and named him Canon of the Cathedral.

Thenceforward, Lacordaire and Ozanam were allies, though they were never in very intimate personal relation. Probably the preacher never knew what efforts the student had made in his behalf: but he appreciated his value. He sent all his young men to the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul: and in days long after, he bore testimony to the fact that Ozanam was one of the makers of the new France.

In 1837, the student became a barrister, and resolved, as his practice was but poor, to prepare himself for proceeding to the degree of Doctor of Letters, being busy all the while on his beloved Dante. There were two or three chances opening, which led him to think of a Professorship as a possible and congenial career. He half thought that he might feel called to take up a religious life. His thesis for the Doctorate, an oration on Dante created a furore: and he was appointed in 1839 to a Professorship of Law in his native city. Thither he carried, at a sacrifice of better prospects and for the sake of a sick mother, his enthusiasm and his zeal for the development of charitable societies. They got up, without prejudice to their visiting work, a library and a school among the soldiers, and did what they could to carry a little Christian instruction into the unpromising corners of the barrack-room. But they had their trials. The pious party in a French provincial town was not, in those days, remarkable either for courage or wisdom. A section of the good people of Lyons, to whom, as he said, "their personal opinion on politics was an extra article of the creed," attacked the new notions, and the clergy were not always friendly.

He was harassed by constant anxiety for his mother's health, and was in great doubt as to his own future; for Lacordaire, who was now refounding in France the Order of St Dominic, was anxious that Ozanam should become a 'Friar Preacher' too.

After his mother's death, in 1840, he spent a short holiday in Paris, where he found his work spreading fast in every direction. Attending a general meeting of the Society of Charity, he found 600 assembled, including many notable writers of the new Catholic school. Among the students, whom he most rejoiced to see, he counted one-fifth of the whole strength of the *École Normale*—a change almost incredible from the state of things in which his own student days had begun. In thirty provincial towns the work was advancing. Its total brotherhood had reached two thousand.

On the same visit, M. Cousin, who was much impressed by his studies on Dante (now published), asked him to compete for the Paris Professorship of Literature. He went in with much misgiving, but making, as he said, "such an act of faith in God as I never made before." His name came out first. He regarded this success as deciding his vocation, and resolved to devote himself to that career. Almost at the same time he became engaged to be married to the sister of a student friend. A precarious position in Paris at £150 a year was now open to him, and he welcomed it as giving him back the opportunity, which he had lost in retiring to Lyons, to guide and help with his mature powers that revival of Catholic thought and effort in the capital, which he himself had started as an eager boy. As it chanced, however, the Minister of Public Instruction presently offered him a second Professorship at Lyons, which would have meant comparative affluence and security, though it would have been fatal to his influence on the vital movements of French life. The prudent parents of his provincial fiancée thought him mad to sacrifice the certainty of a comfortable and excellent position for the quixotic hope of helping Paris. But

his fiancée believed in his mission, and cheerfully elected for poverty. His marriage followed soon, and after it, a holiday in Italy, to pay for which they sacrificed a large part of the funds destined for furnishing their modest home.

He was very happy. "Since that day when the benediction of God descended upon me, I live in an enchanted calm." The journey was a continual inspiration, and his letters glow with the beauty and wonder of his beloved Italy. As for his personal life, he has all the frankness and innocence of a boy. To him a Christian marriage was "a double sacrifice." Each of the contracting parties gave, he held, not only their best, but their all.

From the moment when he began his new labours in Paris, two things became clear: that he would succeed beyond his hope in the work he had set before himself, and that the effort would before long cost him his life. His position was one of extreme difficulty. Called upon to lecture at the age of twenty-seven, amid the great traditions of the Sorbonne, and side by side with the ablest and most learned men of the day, on subjects demanding the widest erudition, he had to work incessantly in preparation and teaching. But in addition, he had to solve the problem of preaching a Catholic view of the world in the very home of the adverse philosophy and under the control of officials whose sympathies were as anti-Catholic as their power was absolute. He did not hesitate for a moment to avow his beliefs: his pupils even announced that his teaching had converted them. Yet his tact and liberality of thought were so conspicuous, and his personal character so high, that his bitterest opponents respected him. But his zeal was not content with even these absorbing duties. He formed a literary conference of Catholic young men, and presided over it for years. He never refused an invitation to go and speak at meetings of working men, among whom he was always popular. He took a leading part in the development of the new *Cercle Catholique*.

He wrote constantly for the Catholic papers, and always had a large book of his own on hand. Above all, he never failed to spend an ample portion of his time and thought in visiting and caring for his poor.

His work often robbed him of his necessary summer holidays. By August, 1846, his strength was so far undermined that he caught fever, and, having barely escaped with his life, was ordered to take a long holiday. He lived for some years, but in fact he never recovered.

He overworked himself incessantly; but to him it seemed that he could not help it. He too was a missionary. In one of his addresses to the young men who followed him, he asked them if they imagined that God called some to sacrifice their lives in Africa or China, while the rest were to walk about with hands in their pockets and lie down on beds of roses? "Let us be ready," he said, "to show that we too have our battle-field, and that if need be we can die on it." Be it remembered that he never neglected his family life and its relationships, which remained most beautiful to the end. Was he wise or unwise, right or wrong, that he spared himself so little? The effect of his unsparing energy was enormous, even in the few years of his career. That he would have done better if he had lived longer, who can say? He felt that this life was his vocation, and all he asked was to be spent in doing the work of his Master, manfully.

After the dangerous illness in 1846, the doctors insisted on a year's complete rest, and he returned to Italy, where in spite of weakness he busied himself in collecting materials for the great work he was always preparing—that statement of the Christian Civilization in its development or of "the education of the modern world by the Church," through which he hoped to explain Catholicism even to the froward. Amongst other such studies, this holiday produced Ozanam's most characteristic book. It was a charming essay on the early Franciscan Poets, which remains to this day one of the

indispensable authorities for the history of literature, of Catholicism, and of Italy. But when he reached Rome, another interest stirred him to the soul. It was the moment when Pius IX., in the beautiful enthusiasm of his belief in the Italian people, startled the European dynasties by abolishing the traditions of paternal government, and founding a constitutional freedom in Rome. Ozanam's letters are full of the hope and wonder of the time, and as full of devotion to the personal character and charm of the Pope. It was to him the beginning of that which he had always dreamed of, the alliance of the two master forces of Catholicism and liberty. The troubles in which that premature hope was apparently to fail had already begun before he returned to France: but he was not deterred from his conviction. "There is a storm about to break over the Pope," he said; "but let us not fear, as did the men of little faith: for Christ is in the boat and He is not asleep."

As for the policy of the Catholics of France, which was then on the verge of the Revolution of 1848, he boldly called upon the Catholic Club to range itself against the dynastic politicians, and to side frankly with the people. His final cry, "*Passons aux barbares*," evoked a historic controversy. He was bitterly assailed, but he had no idea of retracting. The phrase summed up to him the whole secret of the civilizing mission of the Church. The masses of the people, however untaught and dangerous, were his hope and the Church's opportunity. Their errors, such as they were, were not a reason for despising or for crushing them, but an additional argument for brotherly help. A Catholic politician should be not their enemy, but their friend. "Put yourself, as Pius IX. is trying to do, at the head of all their reasonable movements, and convert them as the Pagan masses were converted long ago, by faith and sympathy and example." He refused to sit in the Assembly, knowing his health would never stand the strain: but in alliance with Lacordaire—who, without his own

knowledge, had been elected—he started the "*Ère Nouvelle*," as a Catholic organ of strong democratic sympathies. "I have always believed," he wrote, when things were at the worst, "in the possibility of Christian democracy: indeed, as far as politics go, I believe in nothing else."

Above all, with a sure instinct, the personal friend of the poor saw that it was the social question to which all men should direct their energies: and on this ground he strove to unite all lovers of the people upon the common basis of a really Christian charity. What he understood by government, he had formulated to a friend long before. Its ideal was "the self-sacrifice of each for the benefit of all." This, he added, "was the Christian Republic of the primitive Church of Jerusalem: and perhaps it may be also that of the end of time." He was always insisting that it was the social question, not the political, which was essential. But he saw that great political changes were inevitable, and he was not afraid of them. In this, as in everything, he believed in God. That the party of Labour should have no excuse to mistake the Church for the hireling or the satellite of the the party of wealth, was his constant anxiety. But he was none the less steadfast, as a moral citizen, for the repression of disorder. He took his share as a National Guard in the unfortunate street fights of the time. When he went on duty he always prepared for death; but he was always calm and always hoping for reconciliation. It was he who persuaded Mgr. Affre to go to the barricades on the mission of peace in which he laid down his life.

Not less terrible than the bloodshed was the widespread distress which followed, when 267,000 individuals in Paris alone were returned as being out of work. Ozanam laboured night and day at the work of St. Vincent de Paul, at his paper, and at his professorship. Probably no man knew the most wretched streets in Paris so well as he. The articles in which he describes as an eye-witness the misery of the slums tingle with a

passionate charity. How he found time to visit and to write as he did, five articles in his examination week, is quite inexplicable. And all the while, in spite of the apparent failure of his policy,—for, in spite of the approbation of the Pope and the Archbishop, the paper was wrecked at last, amid the sterile dissensions and jealousies of the reactionary Catholics,—he continued to belong, as he said, "to the party of hope." *

These efforts, working on his previous ill-health, steadily killed him. He recovered for a while, and paid a holiday visit to the Exhibition of 1851; but the hand of death was on him. In London, the two things which struck him most were the docks, with their vast import of industrial wealth, and the squalid misery of the London poor, whom he constantly visited in company with the English Brothers of his own Society. Southwark and the district around Warwick Street were his chief haunts, and his letters describe his wonder at a wretchedness far worse than anything he had known in Paris or in Rome. To Westminster Abbey he was naturally drawn, though he said of it, with some bitterness, that Protestantism "having banished God out of His house, and being unable to fill it with a living people, has imagined the expedient of cumbering it with the dead." It is related of him that when he first found himself before the tomb of St. Edward, in all simplicity he knelt down to pray, to the great scandal of the other tourists, and the amazed indignation of the verger, who promptly turned him out for improper behaviour in the church.

He returned to Paris, tried once more to teach, broke

* It is worth recording that in the extracts from the '*Ère Nouvelle*,' among his published works, there are to be found not only his vivid discriptions of the social misery and his appeals to all men of good will, but also his testimony to the virtues of the outcasts of society. "In these foul cellars and garrets," he wrote, "we have often come upon the loveliest domestic virtues, and found a refinement and good sense that is not always to be met with under gilded ceilings."

down, and took to his bed. Certain critics said he was too often absent, and a rumour of dissatisfaction reached him. He rose from his sick bed, in spite of all protests, and went to deliver his last lecture. "Our life belongs to you," he said to his students, "to our last breath—and you shall have it." Never did he speak more brilliantly; and his medical brother, who saw him next morning, thought he would be dead in ten days. They carried him to the Pyrenees, and again to Italy. But except that he still broke all restraints for the sake of founding new conferences wherever he went, his work was done. He worked at his book to the very last, when he could not write more than a few lines at a time. He was proposed as a candidate for the *Institut*—the ruling ambition of every Frenchman: but he could not return to Paris for the purpose.

He did not even yet give up hope, but he prepared for death. From his childhood he had loved the Bible above all other books, and had read a portion of the Gospels as his "daily bread." Now his mornings were spent in such reading and in meditation upon it. Being too weak to take notes, he began to dictate some of his thoughts to his wife, whose tender affection was with him always: and the fragments edited after his death form a singularly beautiful '*Livre des Malades*.' Steadily he sought to order his mind to the hard words: "Thy will be done." His young men at the Sorbonne—his long-projected epoch-making book—the needs of Catholic France—the future of his growing Society of Charity—the dear joys of his family life, which he ranked next to his devotion to God—all these pulled at his heart-strings and made it hard for the eager soul to say good-bye. He suffered greatly; and the best anodyne was to have his favourite Psalms recited to him. His whole time indeed was spent with a Bible beside him, and mostly upon a couch wheeled into the open air. To the end, his marriage was a beautiful and a sacred relation: and his simple joy in his only child reveals itself in all his intimate letters. His last walk

was to receive Communion with his wife on the twelfth anniversary of their marriage. In his last will he wrote frankly that he would await her in heaven, "where alone he could repay her the love that she deserved."

In the beginning of September, 1853, he begged to be brought back to France to die, and just lived to reach the port. Having received the last Sacraments, and being reminded by one who stood by of the Divine Judgments, he said simply: "Why should I fear Him? I love Him so much."

He often thought and said that his life had been a failure: but it is by such failures that the salvation of the world is wrought. Its needs are as great now as when the Lyons attorney's clerk first trod the reckless and ribald streets of the *Quartier Latin*. What he did, thousands of young men, each in their measure, could do also. Who will try?

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